THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Europe's Death Trap	*Marquess of Lothian*
Road to Stabilization	*Frédéric Jenny*
Beware of Spies!	*S. Uranov*
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N. Chamberlain, Ltd.	*Harold J. Laski*
Vigil in Lisbon	*Friedrich Sieburg*
The Enemies (A Story)	*André Chamson*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

WE HAVE run afoul of the Japanese censor. By order of the Home Office, all copies of the March issue of THE LIVING AGE entering Japan were confiscated. The objectionable item was 'The Thirteenth Prisoner;' the grounds, 'Disrespect to the Throne.' We appreciate Japanese sensitiveness about the dignity of the Emperor, and we are prepared to delete from our articles any obviously disrespectful comments. Yet the reference to Emperor Hirohito in 'The Thirteenth Prisoner' seemed to us rather innocuous, and we cannot avoid the suspicion that what the censor really found offensive was Corporal Kanineku's vivid description of a Japanese raid into Mongol territory.

AT TIMES we have felt it necessary to warn our readers about the bias of certain authors. Happily this is not true of Philip Henry Kerr, eleventh Marquess of Lothian, whose article, 'Europe's Death Trap,' is a level-headed study of the dangerous trend of European policy. Lord Lothian is acknowledged to be one of the leading experts on colonial and foreign affairs among the British peers, and in those fields is one of the Government's chief interpellators in the House of Lords. After serving as an official in South Africa for many years, Mr. Kerr was editor of the *Round Table* and from 1916 to 1921 was secretary to Prime-Minister Lloyd George. [p. 384]

THOUSANDS of tons of bombs and shells have been poured into Bilbao, Madrid and Valencia by the Spanish Insurgents since the non-intervention control plan went into effect. Since these munitions were not fabricated in Spain, they must have eluded the control officials. In the article 'Vigil in Lisbon' Friedrich Sieburg, one of the world's most brilliant reporters, describes some of the difficulties which the British commissioners encountered in watching the frontier between Portugal and Spain. [p. 390]

ECONOMIC conditions in Germany are rightly regarded as an important barometer of Nazi policy. When the average German becomes discouraged in his struggle to pay high prices for food and clothing with his small and heavily taxed salary, the danger both to Hitler and to Europe grows. Everard Allardyce went to Germany to study this particular problem, and his report will be found in the article 'Everyday Life Under Hitler.' [p. 394] 'In a Nazi School,' our second German article, gives the impressions of Mark Baker, a young Englishman who taught in a boarding-school that was expected to produce leaders for the various Nazi organizations. [p. 397]

GENERAL Maxime Weygand, author of 'New Strategy in the Levant,' is too famous as a military genius to need comment. We shall mention only two things from his record: first, that it was Weygand who devised the plan which enabled Pilsudski to defeat the Red Army led by Mikhail Tukhachevski at the gates of Warsaw in 1920; second, that from his experience as High Commissioner of Syria, he has a first hand knowledge of East Mediterranean strategy. [p. 399]

HUNDREDS and perhaps thousands of spies have been executed in Soviet Russia during the past eight months, and those who have been spared have disappeared into the Arctic and Siberian prison-camps. Spies and saboteurs are Russia's special devil just now, if we are to believe the Moscow press. Even if we suspect that many of the persons who have been shot as spies were eliminated for other reasons, so great an ado is being made over the prevalence of espionage that we

(*Continued on page 470*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

July, 1937 *Volume 352, Number 4450*

The World Over

SOMETIME THIS SUMMER we expect Herr Hitler to look about for a new master stroke that can be achieved without provoking hostilities with the French alliance system. Something of the kind will be needed to create enthusiasm when he harangues his followers at Nuremberg in September. The annexation of Danzig would serve this purpose nicely. We predicted in the March issue that the strong-arm methods employed by the Danzig Nazis would soon give them the two-thirds majority in the Volkstag that is necessary to revise the Constitution of the Free City. A sufficient number of Opposition Deputies were recently forced out to give the Nazis their majority. The *Danziger Vorposten* thereupon announced:—

> The National Socialist Party has taken over the functions which the Volkstag has performed so unsatisfactorily since the establishment of the Free City. Henceforth, the Administrative Council, after its appointment by the Senate, will take its orders from the Party and its responsible leaders.

Whether by German or local proclamation, or by a controlled plebiscite, we believe that Danzig will shortly be rejoined to the Reich. In theory, the League Council must approve any change in the Free State's Constitution; in fact, the League is neither able nor inclined to interest itself further in Danzig's affairs. Poland, despite the way in which her

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interests in Danzig have been trampled upon, will seek assurances from Germany rather than appeal to the helpless League. Colonel Beck has permitted the Nazification of Danzig to proceed too far for him to attempt to check it now.

SHORTLY AFTER he took over Mr. Baldwin's mantle, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain boasted that in spite of his age he was 'sound in wind and limb.' Those qualifications, and particularly the former, will serve him in good stead in his new responsibilities. But Great Britain and the world will be more anxious about his soundness of judgment during the next two years which, he said, 'may well be critical in the history of Europe.' In an era when weeks and even days are critical, we must blame Mr. Chamberlain's cautious phrasing on the idiom which British statesmen are obliged to use. (An appraisal of Mr. Chamberlain's character, experience and probable course by Harold J. Laski will be found on page 417 of this issue.)

The new British Ministry differs but little from its predecessor. Mr. Baldwin, of course, has been translated to the House of Lords as Earl Baldwin, and several of the Ministers have new portfolios. Of more than passing interest, however, is the rumor current in London that Mr. Chamberlain's confidential adviser on foreign affairs will be Sir Samuel Hoare. If that rumor should prove to be correct, we can expect British policy abroad to be dominated by 'realism.' There will be less, or perhaps none, of the wavering between *Machtpolitik* and Genevan principles that marked British policy under Mr. Baldwin. If Sir Samuel Hoare's influence prevails, Downing Street will be deaf to pressure from the League of Nations Union and the Liberal and Labor Press and will bargain with the Fascist Powers in accordance with the best imperial traditions. The great Conservative majority in the Commons will insure the Government against defeat in that quarter.

If this policy is followed, we shall not be surprised to learn that Downing Street has made a 'deal' with Rome and Berlin surrendering Republican Spain into the hands of the Insurgents. There is already evidence to show that the German and Italian naval control squadrons have actively aided the Insurgents with information about the movements of Loyalist vessels and that they are maintaining a virtual blockade of Loyalist ports. Britain's vacillation and failure to gauge correctly the degree of bluff employed by Germany and Italy have hitherto been largely responsible for the Fascist intervention in Spain. But if the Fascist Powers should begin to aid Franco more openly, we can assume that a decision has been made by London—that the above-mentioned 'deal' has been made.

The difficulties of Great Britain's position are, of course, enormous.

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The Empire is vast and vulnerable; the rearmament program is barely under way. The Dominions have made it clear that they will not support a 'strong' Continental policy. In Europe, Britain must restrain the aggressiveness of the Fascist Powers almost single-handed, because France is so preoccupied with grave domestic problems that her voice counts for little. The Mediterranean and the Red Sea are no longer secure. In the Far East, the withdrawal of the United States will leave her with a tremendous stake to protect against Japan's 'Southward Push.' In view of these factors, and her failure to stop Italy from seizing Ethiopia by mere pressure, we can understand Great Britain's decision to restrict her policy to her means—to her ability to *act* effectively.

PREMIER MUSSOLINI'S SUGGESTION that President Roosevelt take the initiative in arranging disarmament discussions among the Powers caused many a statesman to chuckle. The British saw Il Duce as a poker player who wishes to leave the game while he is still ahead. It is well known that Italy and Germany are finding rearmament a very heavy drain on their raw material and exchange resources, and they have become anxious about the speed with which Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia and other countries are rearming. Mussolini's argument that the establishment of armament industries is creating an unemployment problem for the future can hardly be controverted. But it sounds strange, coming from the greatest living apostle of Might and from a dictator who solved his unemployment problem by putting more than a million idle men in the army and munitions plants.

President Roosevelt probably enjoyed the paradox, but offered no encouragement. Before disarmament can be undertaken with any hope of success, Germany and Italy, the two Powers whom Europe fears most, must show themselves sincerely willing to join in a general security pact. Meanwhile, their neighbors, who have no desire to become the Ethiopias and Spains of the future, will continue to rearm and to make defensive arrangements among themselves. The revival even of Locarno has been held up by German objections to the Franco-Soviet defensive pact. Here, Germany's position appears to be fundamentally dishonest and the best proof that Hitler has not abandoned his early ambition for German expansion in Eastern Europe. The Franco-Soviet pact specifically provides for its own disappearance as soon as Germany is willing to join France and Russia in a tripartite agreement for mutual defense and to sign a Northeastern pact.

BEHIND THE SENSATIONAL SOVIET PURGE is an important but neglected event. At a secret meeting of the Party Plenum in March, Joseph Stalin gave explicit orders for the elimination of all 'wreckers,

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diversionists and spies' as part of a program to prepare the country for the coming elections under the new Constitution. All elements which might embarrass the Government at the polls were to be stamped out. The thoroughness with which the order is being carried out is due mainly to Nikolai Yeshov, the disgraced Yagoda's successor as head of the N. K. V. D., as the secret police is now called. Exceptional confidence, or desperation seem to have fortified the Kremlin clique in destroying heroes of the Red Army. The execution on June 10th of Marshal Tukhachevski and seven generals for conspiring with an unnamed foreign power has added to the spy hysteria which partially demoralized official circles during and after the Trotskiite trial last year. (See the article, 'Beware of Spies,' translated from *Pravda*, on page 404.) In military circles abroad the prestige of the Red Army, which had grown because of the fine performance of Soviet planes and tanks and their operators in Spain, suffered a decline. Several years ago the Polish general, Sikorski, predicted that the Soviet High Command would be found inefficient in the event of war. It is noteworthy that inefficiency, as well as treasonable intercourse with the foreign power, was charged against several of the June 10th purgees.

The following opinion about Tukhachevski, which entirely discounts the charge of conspiracy, appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt*:—

> Tukhachevski favored the greatest possible independence of the Red Army from political control. His attempt to make it a purely military instrument for the defense of the country was opposed by Yegorov, who had the strong support of Kaganovitch. Because of Kaganovitch's powerful influence at the Kremlin it has been expected for some time that Tukhachevski's downfall would not be long delayed.
>
> Only those who did not know Tukhachevski could contend that he had relations with the Trotskiites. This cold and ambitious opportunist who had pursued his career over a multitude of dead bodies, including even that of his wife, was too calculating to link himself with a cause that had no chance whatsoever. He was always on the right side of the fence. First he supported Lenin and, after his death, Stalin. But for the first time in his career he made a mistake—in over-estimating his influence with Stalin.

Whatever may have been the real reason for the execution of Tukhachevski, Feldman, Kork, Eideman, Uborevitch and the others, the Red Army seems destined for a period of intensive political education and propaganda. And in the higher circles, the attachment of political commissars to the military councils, harking back to the days of the Civil War, is significant of this trend. Very soon, we predict, the Soviet leaders will launch a Russia-wide campaign for patriotic 'rededication.'

WE HAVE REPEATEDLY stated our disbelief in the soundness of the Berlin-Rome Axis. Notwithstanding recent evidences of political coöper-

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ation we find much more significance in the collapse of the effort of the two capitals to reach some sort of economic harmony. We refer to the visit of an official Italian trade delegation to Berlin for the purpose of organizing, as the press of both countries said, an 'economic Berlin-Rome Axis.' Not only did the discussions end in complete disagreement, but an open breach was narrowly averted. As the facts about this important affair were pretty successfully kept from the foreign press, and were not, of course, revealed in Germany and Italy, we offer these comments from the *Neue Weltbühne:*—

> The Italians came to Berlin to ask for a share in the Balkan markets, supporting their claims with figures proving that German trade had benefited enormously from the imposition of sanctions. The Germans flatly refused to make any concessions and countered by demanding compensation for the loss of the Yugoslav market which would result from the Italo-Yugoslav Agreement. The Italians repelled this suggestion no less curtly. Dr. Schacht was so angered by the attitude of the Italian delegation that his official reception to it was quickly canceled.
>
> Almost immediately Dr. Schacht exploded an economic bombshell in the midst of the visitors by clamping down on credits to German industrial groups that were pledged to undertake development projects in Ethiopia. Ethiopia suddenly became once more uninteresting and devoid of the raw materials that had been boasted about a few months before. Count Volpi was told that the American banks had refused to finance the German-Italian corporation which had been formed to exploit Ethiopia because of a memorandum which they had prepared in 1929 and 1930 in coöperation with Krupp and other German experts. The memorandum in question maintained that it would never pay to exploit the Ethiopian raw materials. Great pains had previously been taken to keep these findings from the Italians, and Germany had even offered to build railroads in return for the concession to grow cotton.

These events, if accurately reported by the *Neue Weltbühne*, explode the great friendship interpretation of the Berlin-Rome tie.

GERMANS who visit the Paris Exposition must travel in closed groups and under supervision, according to the *Deutsche Informationen*, and the German press has been ordered to prepare such visitors spiritually before their journey because they have 'a mission to perform for Germany.' The German press is also under rigid instructions in dealing with the Exposition and with the conventions and congresses that are to be held during the summer. For example, no congress may be reported at all if it can be regarded as 'hostile to Germany.'

From the same source we learn that a confidential memorandum about the Paris Exposition was distributed to the members of the German Industrialists' Convention at Munich recently. This memorandum declared that the Exposition was intended: 'first, to increase France's reputation and prestige abroad and thereby to advance her imperial interests; second, to curry favor for the present Popular Front Govern-

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ment and for Marxism in general; and third, to increase the tourist traffic, thereby creating an economic boom to aid Premier Blum's policy.' The authors of the memorandum suggested that German press correspondents should not forget 'to describe the dismal-looking proletarian suburbs when writing about the Exposition,' and that 'publicity should be given to the pavilions of friendly nations such as Portugal, Poland, Austria and Italy.'

EIRE, as the Irish Free State is officially named in Mr. de Valera's new Constitution, will go to the polls during the first week of July. The electorate will adopt or reject the Constitution, and reëlect or defeat the De Valera Ministry. The *Irish Independent* observes that while Mr. de Valera was tearing up the old Constitution as a British document he was carefully preserving the pieces and has now pasted them together in a new patchwork of his own design. All references to the King, Great Britain, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Governor General and Privy Council have been omitted but those terms have had no counterpart in reality in the Free State for several years. The *Manchester Guardian* finds that all the important powers and provisions of the old Constitution have been restored in one way or another but that the 'special position' accorded to the Roman Catholic Church (though accompanied by a provision giving freedom to other denominations) will hardly appeal to Protestant Ulster and will therefore 'solidify partition' between the northern and southern parts of the island.

NATIONS in the Moslem world should insist upon holding all their negotiations with the Western Powers at Montreux. It was there that Turkey won from the Lausanne Powers the right to refortify the Straits in July, 1936; and it was at Montreux in May that Egypt won the right gradually to end the Capitulations, or system of extraterritorial courts on her soil. In the latter case, Great Britain carried out the promise she made in the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty last year by supporting Egypt's demand. A fortnight later Britain fulfilled a further pledge by sponsoring Egypt's application for admission into the League of Nations. Egypt's eagerness to enter the League was not due to any illusions about its power. Still sensitive about her status, she desired membership as an international recognition of her sovereignty.

IN ONE RESPECT progress has been made toward a settlement of the 'Assurance' controversy that has blocked the operation of the new Indian Constitution in six important Provinces for three months. This favorable development is the narrowing of the dispute to interpretations based on logic-chopping. Should Ministries resign when Governors

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interfere, or should they be dismissed? The view of the powerful Indian Congress party, at least as expressed by Mr. Gandhi, is that a Governor should make himself responsible for the dismissal of a Ministry when he believes it necessary to exercise his special powers. He would then be obliged to state the reasons for his decision. British Indian official circles contend that explanation would be just as necessary if a Ministry resigned because of interference. This is a difference that might be adjusted but for the fact that the powerful left wing of the party, led by the Pandit Nehru, does not desire a settlement. Its unwavering aim has been to wreck the Constitution and to win complete independence outside of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

ARGENTINA'S PHENOMENAL PROSPERITY was remarked on in these pages in a recent issue. Still another Latin American republic reports that its trade for 1936 had virtually returned to the happy days of 1929. Imports in 1929 were valued at $414,625,031; in 1936 at $362,837,695. Exports were respectively $456,723,000 and $416,113,975. The figures alone do not reveal a significant change that took place in Brazil's export trade during the interval, namely, greater diversification. In 1929, coffee was the great staple export, accounting for 71 per cent of the total value; in 1936, coffee fell to 46 per cent. Americans have already noted with some concern that Brazil is exporting cotton in increasing amounts. During the first quarter of 1937 cotton exports rose 50 per cent in volume and 72 per cent in value over the same period last year. For the whole year, it is predicted that more than 500,000 bales will be shipped abroad. In 1932 only 515 bales were exported!

The improvement in economic conditions seems to be reflected in the Government's greater sense of security. Early in June it restored the freedom of the press and prospects are said to be good for the ending of the 'state of war' that has existed since November, 1935. The authorities still pretend, however, to fear the growth of radicalism. This bogey serves as an excuse to maintain a 'strong' rule that amounts to semi-dictatorship. Like other régimes which have gotten into power through a *coup d'état*, that of President Vargas constantly suspects that it may be ousted by the same means.

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Will Europe try once more to find security in the fatal alliance system?

Europe's Death Trap

By The Marquess of Lothian

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*
London Independent Monthly

WE ARE at a very difficult crisis in world affairs—a crisis in which a wrong choice of direction may produce immeasurable disaster for most of the nations of Europe, and possibly of Asia also. The greatest peril to world peace at the moment is that we shall drift back into a new rival alliance system.

This danger arises from the fact that once the double alliance system has become formed the control of policy tends to pass out of the hands both of individual members of the alliance and of each alliance itself. Thus in the crisis of 1914 Germany was largely at the mercy of the diplomacy of Austria-Hungary, and France and England at the mercy of Russia. Moreover, as the alliances consolidate, solutions by agreement become more and more difficult. Crises of power politics succeed one another with ever-increasing tension. The General Staffs of every country perfect their offensive plans, not because they plan aggression, but because they must be ready to strike for victory, if their countries become involved in war even against their will. All such preparations, including the heightening of army morale by preaching its invincible superiority, is regarded by foreigners as evidence of malignant intention. The military time-table for victory becomes more and more a matter of hours and minutes, until finally a fool, a knave or an accident—like the assassination of Franz Ferdinand—sets in motion forces which no one can control, and which issue not in a local, isolated conflict but in a world war.

This liability to universal war which nobody deliberately starts but which no one can prevent or stop is inherent in the alliance system. Every General Staff plans for a quick knock-out blow, though all history shows that quick victories are very rare and that even when they occur they seldom end the war. Napoleon won battle after battle by shock tactics, but he eventually lost his wars and his

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throne and almost ruined France. Bismarck was successful in consolidating Germany precisely because Germany was not part of an alliance system, and because he had a clear grasp of the vital importance of the political 'imponderabilia,' as he called them, and of the necessity of subordinating military action strictly to political considerations.

But in proportion as nations became enmeshed in the alliance system the totalitarian nation is succeeded by the totalitarian alliance. So complete are the preparations that neither side can afford to allow the other to gain the smallest advantage in mobilization, so that even in peace the world is continually in a condition of nerves because the smallest accidents may precipitate a world war. Yet the larger the combinations on the two sides the less likely is there to be prompt and decisive victory, so that, as in 1914, once the original plans for the knockout blow fail, the nations become involved in a long and tragic struggle in mud and blood, involving women and children no less than men, in which neither peace nor victory is possible until one side yields to exhaustion only a few weeks or months before it overtakes the other and the world is in ruins. The alliance system is the death-trap of the nations.

Yet that system has begun to appear once more. It began with rearmaments. Then came the Franco-Russian Treaty of Mutual Assistance. This was followed by the German-Japanese anti-Comintern Pact and the Rome-Berlin Axis. Fortunately none of these are yet military alliances. They merely foreshadow coming events, unless the process can be reversed. But they embrace Asia as well as Europe. As the Europe-Asia alliance system appears, the United States once more endeavors to buttress its neutrality and Great Britain attempts first to detach herself from both European alliances, only to find that her own security is bound up with the *status quo* in Western Europe, which forces her back into some form of partial commitment to Belgium and France. As always, the alliance system cuts across racial and political affinities and dislikes, because every nation acts purely from the point of view of how it can best provide for its own security.

II

But European anarchy would not in itself produce a dangerous rivalry between alliances. What produces it is some real bone of contention between the nations. Thus the Concert of Europe functioned reasonably well for fifty years after the Napoleonic wars, and the League of Nations could function quite well either for Europe or for the world if there were no serious differences between its members. What is the present ground of contention? It no longer concerns Japan or Italy. Each has attempted to solve its internal problems by the method of forcible external explosion—the one in Manchuria and China, the other in Ethiopia, though, for reasons I shall give later, I do not think that either of these methods will ultimately succeed. The fundamental world question today is that of the future of Germany. If it could be solved, there would be no serious threat to the peace of the world. How is it to be solved? As I have said, in certain ways the circumstances are favorable. The poison of 'inequality' and the

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burden of reparations have been removed. What is left? Two problems —first the economic, including the colonial question, and second the more imponderable question of power and influence in the world, which includes the armaments and the League of Nations questions. Let me take these in order.

For some time a large number of people in both Germany and England believed that a free discussion between our two countries would fairly easily find a basis of agreement. They welcomed the idea because an agreement between Germany and England would mean the peace of the world. But such a discussion has never taken place. Why? Some people think it is because of the opposition of France and Russia. I do not think so. I think there is a more substantial reason. It is because there does not at present seem to be a sufficient agreement as to the fundamentals of a solution to make a discussion possible or fruitful. There is no doubt that, in consequence, relations between the two countries are not so good as they were at the time when Germany recovered her equality by marching her army back to the Rhineland, almost with the approval of British public opinion. Yet without an Anglo-German basis of understanding, will it be possible to avoid drifting back into the death-trap of the alliance system?

I am not going to analyze the difficulties which now stand between a German-English understanding. There are the differences between a totalitarian country which ruthlessly suppresses all opposition in its own country and a democratic system which still clings to liberty for the individual opinion. There is the tension produced by mass rearmament. There is the present deadlock on the colonial question. I think it more useful not to discuss these, but to attempt to set forth what I believe could be a basis for settlement which British public opinion would, I think, accept. Readers can judge for themselves whether it is possible for Germany to accept it also.

III

First, as to the economic question. There is no possibility today of returning to universal free trade. Every nation is in greater or lesser degree standing for the greatest measure of economic self-sufficiency that is possible. On the other hand, the policy of universal economic nationalism is tending to produce a new equilibrium. The German Four-Year Plan is a conspicuous example of this, and a similar movement has been going on in Great Britain since 1931. The process of reaching greater economic self-sufficiency has been painful and dangerous for everybody. But the worst is now over, and if the problem of security could be solved, a far smaller mutual relaxation of tariffs, quotas and embargoes would be necessary to reasonable prosperity for all than would have been the case ten years ago. But is the way forward an attempt to lower tariffs everywhere simultaneously, or to try to bring about mutually advantageous lowerings between complementary groups? I think there is room for both.

There are a great many people in England who think that the easiest solution of the economic problem for Germany would be special economic arrangements in Central Europe. Germany and the smaller countries to the

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east and south are largely economically correlative, and the present excessive economic sub-division of Eastern Europe cannot be permanent.

Then there is the colonial question. Dr. Schacht, seemingly unaware that most of the nations of the British Commonwealth, and especially the five Dominions, India, Ceylon and Burma, all put high protective duties against the products of Great Britain, and some do not accord even a preference to her goods, has made a powerful plea that Germany must produce some of her raw materials 'on territory under her own management,' and that this 'colonial territory must form part of her own monetary system.' 'All other questions,' he said, '—sovereignty, army, police, law, the churches, international collaboration—are open to discussion.' I have little doubt that if the question of security could be solved a long step toward a solution of the colonial question could be taken by territorial transfer or by special arrangements like those suggested by Dr. Schacht in the Central West African area. One of the difficulties is the opposition of many to the extension of certain aspects of the totalitarian régime to colonial areas. But that could be solved by the application of the excellent provisions of Article XXII of the Covenant of the League of Nations, so far as it governs the treatment of native populations and progress towards autonomy. These Dr. Schacht would clearly accept, and they ought, indeed, to be extended to all colonial territories.

If, then, British public opinion is in principle quite ready, as part of final settlement, for a German preferential economic system in Central Europe and for some colonial arrangement on the basis of Article XXII so far as the native inhabitants are concerned, and is quite willing also to move a moderate simultaneous reduction of tariffs insofar as the German Four-Year Plan permits it, why is so little progress being made toward a solution? It is because of an uncertainty about the second main Anglo-German question —armaments, alliances and the League.

IV

People in England ask, 'What is the purpose of Germany's great armament program, the discipline she has imposed upon her people, her totalitarian organization of industry? Is it for defense or for expansion?' They do not feel sure. They do not think that Germany wants to attack Britain herself or France. They think, too, that Russia is well able to look after itself. What they are most concerned with is whether a rearmed Germany really will respect the national independence and autonomy of the new nations of Eastern Europe, partly because they are interested in the freedom of nations and partly because the creation of a military Mittel-Europa would affect their own freedom and future.

This may seem to Germany to be a wholly unreasonable suspicion. She could reply that German armaments are rendered necessary by Franco-Russian military encirclement. But the suspicion is there, none the less, and it is naturally stimulated by interested parties and by the inevitable consequences of European anarchy. And it produces counter-suspicions in Germany. That is the curse of anarchy. I do not think it possible to stop British rearmament or to prevent her having commitments to defend

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the *status quo*—at least, in Western Europe—so long as this suspicion lasts. It is vital that this issue should be faced, because before very long public opinion will tend to consolidate in one position or the other. And if it consolidates in an anti-German direction, that conviction will tend to spread to the Dominions and America and mobilize behind it the well-known stubborn fighting power, as well as the gigantic resources, of the whole English-speaking world. And those who will profit most by this antagonism will be neither England nor Germany.

Personally I believe that this dangerous situation can be solved and friendly coöperation put in its place provided both Germany and Great Britain take the same view of two questions—first, the future of nationality as the basis of world organization, and, second, of the relative defects and merits of the alliance and the concert system of European organization. The older imperialisms ignored nationality and have gone to destruction. France ignored German national feeling from 1920 to 1933, with fatal effect. Japan has ignored nationality and is steadily creating a vehement nationalism in China which will eventually drive her back to her islands. Speaking from the long experience of Great Britain as a colonial Power, I think that Mussolini will prepare for Italy in Ethiopia a disaster worse than Adowa unless he respects and can find a place for the national sentiment of the Ethiopian people.

V

I have always understood that it is a first principle of National Socialism to respect the political and economic independence of other races and peoples so long as they respect the independence of the Germans. If that is so, then a basis for Anglo-German understanding exists, for it means that Germany is fundamentally in line with the secret which is the basis both of the American Monroe system and the modern British Commonwealth of Nations.

For many years now both the United States and England have recognized that nationality, not class, is the most powerful political force in the modern world and that it is useless, and in the end fatal, to try to repress it. Because they have clearly recognized this they have both begun to create associations of nations under their own leadership. So long as the United States intervened in Central America she was feared and hated by the other American republics. Today Pan-American unity is a reality because the freedom of other American States is unqualifiedly recognized. Until Great Britain accepted the idea of national self-government there was constant trouble in the British Empire. But gradually Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and finally in 1922 Ireland were given the rights of independent sovereignty—the right to have their own armies, their own tariffs, their own ambassadors abroad. Yet because they are not afraid that Britain will ever attempt to undermine that sovereign nationhood these nations have voluntarily agreed to mutual economic concessions.

Is it possible for Germany to build up a similar free association of nations in Central Europe? If so, German minorities in these regions will be elements of consolidation, just as are

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British racial minorities in Canada and South Africa and elsewhere. It should not be difficult. The nations there have a common interest in maintaining their own sovereign independence both against attack from without and from subversion from within. Economically their territories produce largely complementary products; as they are contiguous, such mutual arrangements are not liable to be interrupted by other nations. If they agree upon a common policy, they would be invulnerable to attack. But —and this is the essential truth, as both Britain and the United States have found—such an association cannot be created by force or threats. In the long run the attempt to do violence to nationality in the modern world defeats itself. Success cannot come from weakness, but from a strength which is able to defend itself but which has clearly renounced, as Britain and the United States have renounced, the idea of doing violence to the independence of others.

If Germany and her eastern neighbors would create an association on the British or American model, the main economic problem of the day would be far on the way to solution. Germany would have an economic zone not unlike that of the other great Powers. She would, too, move toward the Anglo-American group. Encirclement would end. The security both of Germany and France would be assured. The colonial question would be soluble.

That, however, is only half of the problem. The other is the question of how the higher politics of Europe and the world are to be conducted in future. In this congested modern world there are only two alternatives: one is the Alliance system, whose fatal defects have already been described; the other is the old principle of the Concert, whose most modern form is the League of Nations. There is no doubt that if a settlement can be made of the economic and colonial questions there is everything to be said for the Concert or League principle as opposed to the Alliance system. The difficulty is that a Concert or League system always finds it difficult to make large changes in the *status quo*, as is shown by the failure of the League of Nations to remedy the mistakes in the Treaty of Versailles. But once these issues are settled by direct negotiation, the Concert or League system is far preferable.

The Alliance system inflames suspicion and enmity, provokes competition in armaments, makes compromise almost impossible and ends in world wars. The Concert system removes suspicion and makes for understanding because it brings people round a common table. It convinces its members that it is better for all to limit armament expenditure and spend the savings on social reform rather than ruin themselves by indefinite multiplication which does not alter the ratio between the competitors at all. It removes causes of friction and makes it possible to settle disputes by compromise or arbitration. It leads to the only possible solution of the colonial problem—trusteeship, ending in autonomy for all. The original concept of the League of Nations was clearly too ambitious as it is impossible for the affairs of Europe to be conducted by the whole world. Europe needs a Concert of its own with a larger and looser League dealing with world affairs.

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Portugal favors Franco, and resents the attempt to neutralize her border.

Vigil *in* Lisbon

By FRIEDRICH SIEBURG

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*
German Coördinated Daily

THE Hotel X in Lisbon is in difficulties despite its high prices. The staff has been reduced to the point where, when the clerk changes for the evening, there is not a soul to receive a guest or even hand him the key to his room. Quite obviously the splendor of this magnificent hostel is too great for its limited number of visitors. There are only about thirty rooms, which are by no means always taken, and besides there are a dozen lounges, libraries, dining and other rooms. Everything is in the most ornate style, with little fountains of colored tile, Moorish windows of artfully wrought iron, gilded and carved wooden ceilings and royal coats-of-arms. Even the leisurely elevator is in style, furnished like a room with cushions, little windows and a ceiling of gilded leather topped by an immense crown, naturally in gold. The guests are accommodated in a fashion that is no less luxurious.

This is the background against which a number of pleasant young Englishmen spend their days. The bar is their favorite rendezvous, although its murals announce that the Portuguese were already at home on three continents when Queen Elizabeth was only a modest beginner in the art of ruling the seas. The walls also bear inscriptions listing the exploits of Portugal's maritime heroes. One learns from them that these Portuguese, now so quiet and listless, in earlier centuries discovered almost everything that was to be discovered in the East and in the West—that once they even had a foothold in Pekin and Abyssinia. The young Englishmen study these inscriptions with good-natured disbelief, while they turn the knobs of the radio to get news from England. The women who sometimes accompany them prove hardy companions, as they do not seem to be offended by the smell of gin and tobacco.

The reader may already have sensed that these Englishmen are not in Lisbon for pleasure but that they are engaged in performing a very im-

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portant political task. They are, in fact, members of the British Control Commission which has been entrusted with the supervision of the Portuguese-Spanish border according to an agreement between the British and the Portuguese Governments. This control is supposed to isolate the theater of the Civil War against the influx of volunteers and war materials. The frontier between the two countries of the Iberian peninsula is very old, and, like the Pyrenean border, it abounds in tradition. Behind it the Portuguese character, so different from the Spanish, has developed. The striking contrasts between the two peoples have at times been expressed in actual hostility. That is exactly why this almost unprotected border is like an open wound for feeble Portugal whenever there is a crisis in Spain.

Portugal is almost unbelievably sensitive to Spanish events and wavers between fear and hope, according to the failure or success of Franco's armies. This can be explained only by the delicate equilibrium of the political and social system which Premier Salazar has created. The Government did not hesitate to break off diplomatic relations with Loyalist Spain early in the struggle, yet it could not make up its mind to acknowledge the Government of General Franco. In this awkward way it has tried to sever Portugal's destiny from those of both factions in Spain; it is too proud to maintain even the semblance of negotiation with the Loyalists, yet at the same time it is too well aware of its own limited means and forces to establish formal diplomatic relations with Salamanca.

In short, Portugal's unequivocal opposition to Communism is not just a question of ideology or of foreign influence; it is based also on strained domestic conditions. Salazar takes into consideration two things: first, Portugal must always live next to her strong and unstable neighbor; and second, she is not yet prepared to face a social crisis at home and must prefer the victory of authority and order beyond the border as something vital to her own stability.

II

Portugal therefore occupies a unique position in the international situation created by the Spanish Civil War—a position emphasized not only by the presence of the British commissioners at the Hotel X, but also by the presence in Lisbon of a representative of the 'Burgos Junta.' Those powers which have not recognized Franco must conduct their semi-official diplomatic relations with the government of Nationalist Spain either through this agent or through his colleague at Hendaye on French soil. The representative of the 'Burgos Junta' is therefore a very important man, as proved by the fact that the recent mysterious bombings of public buildings in Lisbon extended to his headquarters, tearing a big hole in the wall opposite his desk.

The police must constantly keep their eyes open for there are many obscure and ambiguous characters on this fringe of the Civil War. Mysterious men with indisputable yet all-too-new passports make their appearance. Their conversation dies down as soon as a stranger approaches. Who are they? Smugglers of ammunition who need tonnage, or Spanish Republicans who

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are cautiously trying to get in touch with Franco, or agents of Moscow or simply tourists who want to change their insecure domicile? At any rate, these figures fail to transform Lisbon, a discreet and somewhat sleepy city, into a center of international intrigue.

The British commissioners contribute even less to make the atmosphere sinister or romantic. For they are quiet, well-bred people who at worst might now and then get a little boisterous at the bar. These gentlemen, headed by a certain Mr. MacDonald—who is not to be seen at the bar—are by no means creatures of the London Non-Intervention Committee. Officially, they are assigned to the British Embassy as Attachés. At the present time about half a hundred of them have gathered in Lisbon; according to the Anglo-Portuguese agreement their number may rise to about one hundred and thirty. They will gradually scatter to points along the border to observe the Portuguese frontier officials and guards who are engaged in the supervision of highways and railroads. Yet there seems little danger that the bar in the Hotel X will be deserted. The control is rather slow in getting started, especially since the commissioners get no support whatsoever from the population. It must be no easy task for a well-educated Attaché, who is unfamiliar with the Portuguese language, to talk the stubborn peasants of the sparsely populated Alemtejo district out of their determination not to accommodate any commissioners.

The Portuguese resent this control. On the one hand they are so skeptical of its effectiveness that the Portuguese representative on the London Committee characterized it as a 'farce;' on the other hand they regard it as an insult to their national pride. 'A big country like France,' they say, 'can afford to tolerate foreign supervision on its soil—and evade it.' It will be recalled that the international control plan was almost wrecked because of Ambassador Monteiro's resistance, which reached its climax in his terming it a 'farce.' The Non-Intervention Committee finally left the settlement of the question of supervision entirely to the British and Portuguese Governments.

III

In addition to the international supervision of the Portuguese and Pyrenean frontiers, Spanish waters are patrolled by German, English, French and Italian squadrons which see to it that every vessel bound for a Spanish port has a control official aboard. Lisbon is one of the ports where such officials may be taken aboard. These gallant men live day and night beside their packed bags, ready to obey orders from their superior, who happens to be a cheerful Italian. Occasionally, sinister-looking gun-boats or submarines of foreign nationality appear in the sunny mouth of the Tagus to get oil or fresh butter. After a friendly salute to Salazar's sailors they steam back into the Spanish control zones. In this manner we saw a sprightly German submarine crew and the distant contours of the *Admiral Spee*.

Europe, which is so rich in diplomatic tricks and so poor in creative ideas, has created something really unique with this control. But is it also useful and helpful? None seems to have the courage to answer this

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question in the affirmative. Not until the control scheme has been put to the test can there be proof of a real spirit of coöperation. In actual practice diplomatic tricks, no matter how cleverly conceived and carried out, will be futile. Let us hope that the answer will be found before the young men in the bar of the Hotel X have become old habitués. Their efforts, however, will be hampered by an astonishing amount of official red tape.

As soon as one of the commissioners discovers an offense on the Hispano-Portuguese frontier, he reports to the above-mentioned Mr. MacDonald in the Hotel X in Lisbon. Mr. MacDonald then communicates with the British Ambassador in Lisbon, Sir Charles Winfield, who is now holding his seventeenth foreign post and therefore exudes an almost sublime dignity and skepticism. Without undue haste he reports the 'case' to the British Foreign Office, which is likewise opposed to 'haste.' From there the matter goes to the Portuguese Ambassador in London, Senhor Monteiro, and a copy is sent to Lord Plymouth, Chairman of the Non-Intervention Committee. Senhor Monteiro then refers the case rather reluctantly to his Government in Lisbon—a reluctance to be explained from his knowledge of the stacks of papers on Premier Salazar's desk. The Portuguese Government will then take steps to stop the flow of ammunition and volunteers into Spain at the point where the offense occurred.

As one can see, the procedure is slow and majestic. It exposes in a striking way the chasm that divides London diplomacy from Spanish reality.

The Nazi Code

From now on the courageous judge must acquit the prisoner who has committed homicide or inflicted serious wounds on another because of 'national' motives. The patriotic character of such acts will entitle the accused to plead self-defense in such cases. In the old German society the country's enemy was deprived of all rights; he could be tracked down like a beast of prey and was a fair game for anyone.

—Dr. Dietrich, President of a Reich Regional Tribunal

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Two Englishmen who recently studied German conditions at first hand report on the high cost of living and the teaching methods in Nazi schools.

Inside Germany

I. Everyday Life Under Hitler

By Everard Allardyce

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE foreign visitor in Germany today may be struck by the outward appearance of prosperity of which he sees evidence all around; but there is a great deal more below the surface than above it. The fact that English travelers in Germany use 'travel marks,' thereby getting some 20 marks per £1 instead of 12 marks, which is the normal rate of exchange, is liable to make them think that prices are generally low, and to calculate everything on 'a mark equals a shilling' basis whereas it is really the equivalent of 1s. 8d. But when commodities are valued at the correct rate of exchange (1s. 8d.), it becomes much more difficult to see how the people manage to exist at all, when one sees the disparity between wages and cost of living.

Wages are paid by the month and all taxes are deducted before payment, and as every income over 500 marks per annum is taxed, this means that the vast majority of the population is affected. There are some seven different taxes, which absorb roughly 25 per cent of the total income, so that out of a salary of 160 marks per month, which is a good salary for a skilled workman, he gets actually only 120, or, in English money, instead of getting his £3 6s. per week, he actually gets only £2 10s. Similarly, after taxes are deducted, a girl doing unskilled work earns from 60 to 80 marks per month (equal to from £5 to £6 13s.). A skilled stenographer earns from 100 to 135 marks per month, or from £8 6s. to £11 5s. A good clerk earns from 120 to 150 marks per month, a shop assistant from 120 to 140 per month.

With these salaries the people are expected to live; luckily rents, at

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least in the provincial towns, are low. But the prices of food and clothes compare very unfavorably with those in England. During the past winter there has been a shortage of butter and fats throughout Germany; butter costs 1.60 marks per 500 grams, approximately 2s. 6d. for the English pound. The butter available is divided up equally. Everyone has to put down his name on a list at the shop where he usually buys his butter; the amount supplied to the shop is then equally divided, but on some days there is none. There are three qualities of margarine which cost respectively 11½d., 1s. 5¾d. and 1s. 8d. a pound. Macaroni costs a shilling a pound. Coffee, which is almost the national drink and is consumed in Germany as tea is in England, varies in price from an article at 46 Pf. (9d. per lb.) which is not coffee but a mixture of roast barley and other roast cereals to 3.60 marks (or 5s. 6d. per lb.) when it is really coffee. Already there are fears that there will be a coffee shortage in the near future.

The price of bread is difficult to compare with the price of English bread, since it is entirely different in quality, for a large amount of rye bread is consumed; but the price has increased recently, though the quality has deteriorated, and since the middle of March it has been illegal to make bread out of pure wheat: it must be mixed with 7 per cent of maize. But even before that decree was issued the quality of the bread had deteriorated.

The prices of materials—silks, wools, etc.—have greatly increased in the last eight months. It is no longer possible to buy pure woolen materials: they are no longer made, for all woolen materials must contain a certain percentage of wool made from wood pulp and the quality of woolen materials, always more expensive in Germany than in England, has greatly deteriorated, and at the same time greatly increased in price. For example, a winter overcoat of tweed-like material costs from 120 to 160 marks (£10–£13 6s.) whereas in England a vastly superior grade of coat could be bought for no more than half the price. Another example is shirts: it is almost impossible to buy even an average quality shirt for anything under 8 marks (13s.) and a good shirt costs 12 to 18 marks (£1–25s.). Shoes are comparatively cheap and range in price from 8 to 24 marks (13s.–£2) though nothing under 10 marks (17s. 6d.) is much good; nevertheless shoes are one of the cheaper things in Germany. But there is now a shortage of leather. For example, the price of a small leather suitcase which last August cost 14 marks (22s. 6d.) had by December risen to 24 marks (£2).

II

In addition to the high cost of living and taxation, there are periodical collections during the winter months for the 'Winter-Help.' This takes the form of street collections, and everybody is stopped and has to give a minimum of 20 Pf. (4d.) in exchange for which he receives a little badge, which differs each time there is a collection and which excuses him from further contributions. In addition to street collections, there are collections once a month from house to house for sugar, coffee, flour, etc., and on one Sunday each month everybody must eat a meal consisting of only one dish, and what is thereby economized is

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collected by the State. In actual practice this means that, at any rate from all except the really poor, it collects 50 Pf. (10d.) per person from every house.

For the last three years there has been a gradual increase in the price of every type of article or commodity, but the rise has been gradual and has to a certain extent not made itself felt so strongly as if it had suddenly taken place. That the rise of prices has been gradual is due to the rigorous control exercised by the Government. All trades are organized as corporations, with councils composed of members representing the Employers, Employees and the 'Party,' *i.e.*, the National Socialist Party as distinct from the actual Government. Each superior trade council fixes the price at which the goods are to be sold.

The rise in prices is due to the shortage in Germany of foreign currency, which is earmarked for buying armaments and necessary raw materials for armaments, and the slogan 'Guns before Butter' is not merely a catchword but an actual fact, though it goes far beyond butter and includes almost anything which must be paid for in foreign currency. This restriction in foreign currency is ruining many businesses, for whenever imports are required, the importer has to apply to the Reichsbank for foreign currency, and the Reichsbank will only supply the amount it thinks fit, depending on whether it will be of use to the State or not.

The fact that Germany has no credit abroad, and very little foreign currency, has resulted in feverish efforts to find substitutes, especially for wool, cotton, rubber and petrol. Many substitutes have been found. Sugar, for example, is being produced out of wood and woolen materials can be produced out of wood pulp, but these woolen materials are certainly inferior. In the shops, if one asks whether materials are made from real or synthetic wool, no answer is given.

Recently a great drive has been made to find substitutes for metals, and here there has been a certain amount of success. *Pressstoff* is a new 100 per cent German product. From it are made objects which were formerly made of aluminium, lead and tin. Aluminium, lead and tin articles contain 7 per cent, 50 per cent and 56 per cent, respectively, of products which must be paid for in foreign currency. *Pressstoff*, a form of bakelite, has been particularly used for water-pipes, gas-pipes and even ball-bearings. Another German product, *Leichtmetall*, is replacing brass for handles of doors, glass is being made to replace metals for filters, etc., and a synthetic rubber has been produced which is said not to be damaged by steam. Petrol is also being produced out of coal, and is sold for the same price as real petrol, 2s. 7½d. to 3s. per gallon. It is said that so far it has not been found satisfactory for aircraft.

There is no doubt that life is becoming more and more difficult and that it offers remarkably few prospects. At the moment, a considerable number of unemployed have been absorbed by the two-year military service, the six-months' *Arbeitsdienst*, or Service in the Labor Corps, which precedes military service, and by the greatly increased activity in all trades connected with armaments, and it is claimed that unemployment has dropped to the 1929 level. But German foreign policy has received a big setback by

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the general rearmament of other countries, and more particularly by that of Great Britain.

Germany is in a blind alley, distrusted by all who could help her, and offers no scope or prospects to her younger generations to whom war may seem to be the only source of salvation. If they won, all would be well again, and if they lost, conditions could hardly be worse. This feeling will grow stronger in spite of a very genuine dislike of the idea of a war which is felt by the Germans individually, and there lies the greatest danger.

II. In a Nazi School

By Mark Baker

From the *News-Letter*, British National Labour Party Fortnightly

I HAVE been teaching at one of the fifteen new boarding schools organized by the German Government for the training of picked boys in National Socialist principles.

Like the Third Reich itself, this school was an experiment, and a remarkable one. Before the War it had been a cadet college for aristocratic boys going into the Army. After the War it had been transformed into a State School on liberal lines and open to all classes; the uniform of the cadets was dropped and Communism became widespread, as food in those grim days was scarce. In 1933 it went through a second revolution. Uniforms were restored—but this time Nazi uniforms; Communist and liberal ideas were banished and Nazi ones took their place. If you wanted to find out all about the New Germany, the boys could tell you.

When I arrived, they were eating lunch, in a long high room overlooking a gray lake on one side and the red roofs of a little town on the other. There were 260 of them, between the ages of 8 and 18, all dressed in brown, with breeches and Wellingtons, red bands around their arms and black swastikas on the red bands. As the masters wore the same uniform, it was impossible to distinguish them from the senior boys.

A gong was rung, and one boy out of every eight rushed outside to the lifts from the kitchen and fetched in a bowl of custard or of rhubarb glued together with sago. It was one of the days when they had two courses for lunch, which they did not always have.

They pointed out to me large photographs of the Führer and other Nazi heroes hanging round the walls, men with shaven heads and grim fat faces. There was a babel of excited conversation, which I did not understand. Somebody handed me the key of my bedroom. Then suddenly we all stood up, and the arrangements for the afternoon were read out. The boys shouted 'Heil Hitler,' and dispersed noisily, some of them carrying over their heads tin trays of unpleasant-looking buns, to be eaten later. It was all very strange.

It grew stranger. Before long I was in uniform myself, standing in front of thirty of the nicest boys in the school and reading to them out of a

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horrid little book called *Hell on Earth*. It was an Englishman's account of his experiences during the 1918 push. The boys said they enjoyed it and one of the few jokes I heard, or rather understood, was connected with it. During a midnight march, in the course of which the boys had to wade through a river in uniform, somebody pulled out a pocket book in the moonlight and was asked: 'What is that? *Hell on Earth?*'

As you entered your classroom a boy stood at the door and saluted you. From the end of the passage you heard him shout '*Achtung*' to the others inside and you would be greeted by thirty boys standing at attention, thirty right arms raised and one vociferous 'Heil Hitler.' Little things like this made me see how wide the mental gap between two nations can be.

Another sign of this was their recitation of an English poem. It was too difficult for them, and I was a fool to choose it. But they took great pains to learn it, and each boy got up and recited it in turn with the same faultless accent—and the same complete lack of expression. The words were perfect but the poem was gone.

Their intellectual life was put second to physical training and politics. Often more time was devoted to exercise then to lessons. Their amazing acuteness of hearing and sensitiveness to sound were given no outlet except in a brass band, in marching songs and in correcting my English accent, when they were too polite to correct my German one. They had practically no classical music. They had no religion, except National Socialism, for the school chapel, like the school tennis courts, had been closed in 1933. They had no literature except the newspapers and political books; and no privacy, except in their sleep. Their aim was to be comradely and to serve the State, and they were carrying it out splendidly.

But it seemed impossible to believe that they did not realize there was something missing. Here was the great problem of the whole school—in fact of the whole of the New Germany. Did they know or did they not? They looked so happy; physically they were so magnificent; and in their relations with their masters and with each other they were so friendly, that you had to believe them when they told you they were content.

But, cut off from so many activities and deprived of so many human comforts (there was no hot water, for instance, for washing), they had to express a hidden want, if only unconsciously. It may be my imagination, but I felt that they expressed it in their singing. Coming from a trained choir over the wireless in England, their marching songs sound cheerful enough. But when those boys sang them, swinging along the country roads in uniform, their caps decorated with cowslips, or marching half-naked down to the lake through the sunshine to bathe, they sounded strangely sad.

Why? Perhaps what I heard was not their voices but the voice of Germany herself, the voice of a great nation forever impelled by some curious fascination to defeat her own ends.

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A French expert discusses the feverish efforts of Britain and Italy to readjust their defenses in the Levant.

New Strategy *in the* Levant

By General Maxime Weygand

Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*
Paris Conservative Fortnightly Review

GREAT BRITAIN, France and Italy no longer have the Mediterranean entirely to themselves. One of the most notable developments of the Spanish Civil War has been the reentrance of Germany into Mediterranean politics, and Soviet Russia has for several years shown a growing interest in her southern outlet to the world. Some months ago Señor Augusto Barcia, the former Foreign Minister of Spain, declared with considerable truth that 'the Mediterranean problem has become once more the Gordian Knot of international politics.'

Less publicized but no less significant than German and Italian activity at Ceuta and in the Balearic Islands are the great efforts which Great Britain and Italy are making to strengthen their positions in the Eastern Mediterranean and in the Red Sea. So important are strategic developments in the Levant that I shall undertake to sketch the policies now being pursued by the powers.

The Mediterranean is often called Britain's 'jugular vein,' or 'life-line,' and she has given proof of her determination to protect her free use of that sea at all costs. If her activity on the sea and in the air has increased since the crisis produced by the Italo-Ethiopian War, her policy in the Levant has followed a constant and vigorous line. The series of accords which she concluded with Greece, Yugoslavia, Turkey and Egypt bear witness to her concern for her interests in that quarter. The British Dominions are as keenly alive as their mother country to the necessity of protecting Imperial communications.

But today the naval route is not the only factor that must be considered. Airways are assuming an ever-growing importance in strategy as well as in the transport of mails and passengers. For some years, in fact, Great Britain

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has been able to put down disturbances in Cyprus and Palestine by transferring troops quickly by plane from the garrison in Egypt. Eventually the development of huge passenger and merchandise-carrying airplanes will provide for a traffic greater than that which justified the digging of the great canals. Even now it is safe to predict that the air routes will still survive in the event that those on the sea should be closed, provided, of course, that sufficient air bases are available.

II

The air communications of Great Britain with the Empire in Asia and Africa follow two main routes. One passes through Haifa and Transjordania and on toward India; the other follows either the Red Sea or the Nile Valley toward the Cape.

In order to understand the essentials of East Mediterranean strategy at the present time it is useful to examine the importance of Ethiopia.

The dependence of Egypt and the Sudan on the Blue Nile and Lake Tana are well known. From the strategic viewpoint the Abyssinian plateau is a citadel which dominates the Red Sea basin on the east and the Upper Nile Valley on the west, bringing within easy range the maritime route through the Red Sea and the air route to the Cape. Also within reach is the air route from Europe to the East. If the plateau should be converted into an airdrome, Khartoum would be only 240 miles away, Berber only 190 miles, Fashoda only 90 miles and the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb but 190 miles—all within an hour's flight for modern planes. The possession of Ethiopia not only provides Italy with economic opportunities which the industry and colonizing genius of her population should make the most of, but also enables her to threaten Britain's vital communications.

Too much importance can scarcely be attached to bases in the Mediterranean and Red Sea region. Without them fleets and air squadrons would be reduced to impotence. Great Britain, more than any other power, has understood this fundamental of strategy and has excelled in adjusting the relative strength of her bases to meet changing conditions.

Gibraltar, Malta, Suez and Aden are the key points which assure Britain's command of the imperial Mediterranean route. When it became apparent that Malta was too exposed to the Italian planes based on Sicily, she decided to remove the center of gravity of her Mediterranean power farther to the east. Since Egypt felt herself menaced by Italy's concentrations in Libya and conquests in Ethiopia she agreed to the creation of a new British base at Alexandria. Haifa, on the coast of Palestine, has been developed in recent years as a base for light naval vessels, submarines and air-craft.

Not satisfied with these precautions the British have studied the strategic possibilities of Cyprus, especially at Famagusta, and Parliament only recently voted 3 million pounds sterling for improvements. If the small and ill-protected ports of Cyprus can shelter only a limited number of light and medium-sized craft and can never become a powerful naval base, the island can at least provide British aviation with land and sea stations which

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will enable it to command a radius of from 300 to 400 miles, taking in the Egyptian ports, Haifa, Beyrouth, Alexandretta and the Italian possessions of Rhodes and the Dodecanese.

In the Red Sea the British are well situated in view of immense strategic value of their naval and air base at Akaba. The long and narrow Gulf of Akaba is closed to the south by a series of small islands that can easily be fortified against any attack from the sea. The mountains of the Sinai peninsula offer excellent defensive positions against an attack by land, while enemy aviation can be met by planes from Akaba's landing fields.

Finally, the vast deserts of the Near East have been conquered by the motor car and in the future we may expect to witness a notable development of transportation not only of passengers and commerce but also of troops across Mesopotamia, Palestine, Transjordania and the Arab peninsula. In all these territories the development of air bases goes on apace: at Akaba, Maan and Amman in Transjordania; at Hinaïdi, Mosul and Gaïba in Iraq; at Gaza, Ramleh and Jericho in Palestine.

So, while neglecting none of the land, sea or air routes which can link the Eastern Mediterranean to India and the Farther East, the British are setting up in the territories under their control east of the Suez Canal and between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf a well-integrated military system. At first it will complement, and then replace if need be, the defense system already established in Egypt. The construction and strengthening of the bases which guard her communications will no doubt consume a considerable part of the unprecedented sums which Great Britain has shown herself willing to sacrifice in order to protect the Empire.

III

Italy's geographical position in the Mediterranean is unique. Apart from the extensive coastline she possesses on the Western Mediterranean and Adriatic, she commands the passage between the Eastern and Western Mediterranean, thanks to the southward projection of the peninsula and Sicily. Although really placed in the Western Mediterranean she has vital interests in the Levant. Most of her oil supply comes from the East. Colonies of Italian immigrants are established in force in the Eastern Mediterranean ports, promoting her trade with Greece, Turkey, Syria and Egypt and leading her to extend her banks and schools throughout these regions. Her recent conquest of Ethiopia makes it necessary for her, as well as for Britain, to consider the freedom of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea as of primary importance in her naval strategy. This attitude is hardly new. Many decades ago an Italian statesman declared that the keys of the Mediterranean were in the Red Sea. Economic and strategic factors alike involve her deeply in Eastern Mediterranean and Red Sea affairs.

From her efforts to establish or reinforce her naval and air bases there appears a general shift toward the east. The station at Taranto, for example, has been greatly developed at the expense of Spezzia. The same observation applies to Italy's secondary bases: Messina, an excellent refuge for destroyers and submarines, and Brindisi, on the Adriatic, only fifty

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miles from the Strait of Otranto. Both are being greatly enlarged, while Venice and Pola, although better protected, are somewhat neglected.

Italy showed great foresight when she insisted upon her right to acquire the Dodecanese Islands. A powerful fortified base has come into existence at Leros. Other bases which Italy is either establishing or enlarging in the Eastern Mediterranean are Augusta on the eastern coast of Sicily, Tripoli and Tobruk in North Africa and the island of Pantelleria, which lies between Sicily and the African coast.

Italy's energetic action in these maritime regions, as well as in the lands of the Levant, springs from her determination to develop and protect her influence, and to be able to rely, in the event of a conflict, on a sound defensive system to insure her own security. Her interests in the Eastern Mediterranean are analogous to those of Great Britain. Freedom of passage on the great sea route is as useful to one as to the other. The Gentlemen's Agreement concluded between the two Powers, the purpose of which is the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, is the best proof of this.

One of the important, although indirect, benefits that came out of this accord was the easing of the tension in the Mediterranean which followed the conclusion of the Anglo-German naval pact. Great Britain, in looking at the naval situation without sentiment, found that French and Italian naval forces together were numerically capable of checking her in the Mediterranean. There was justice in this reasoning, for the post-War naval pacts significantly increased the ratio of French and Italian tonnage to the British. The Anglo-German agreement, which freed Germany from the limitations imposed on her fleet at Versailles and permitted her a tonnage equal to 35 per cent of the British, has obliged France to maintain a strong station on the Channel and the Atlantic, and thus has weakened her in the Mediterranean.

IV

The naval position of France in the Eastern Mediterranean is not a happy one. She does not possess a single naval base east of Bizerta in Tunisia. We have shown great concern over our vital direct and indirect communications with North Africa, but have almost completely neglected the region to the east although we have interests of primary importance in that quarter. The Mediterranean and the Red Sea are for France, as well as for Britain, an imperial route, the shortest road to Indo-China, Madagascar and her insular possessions in Oceania. Her great air route to the Far East crosses the Lebanon and Syria.

It is truly astonishing that France, while cultivating close understandings for nearly twenty years with the Little Entente and Poland, has not thought it necessary to establish in the Eastern Mediterranean a base which alone would enable her, in case of war, to send to her allies the assistance which they would have a right to expect. This astonishment is all the more justified when one considers that France is on the point of quitting the territories in the Levant over which she has been installed as mandatory since 1919. It is not yet too late to make up for this short-sightedness;

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nor would the establishment of a powerful French naval and air base on the Lebanese-Syrian coast be at all prejudicial to the welfare of the liberated republics.

Two points on this coast might be considered in choosing a site for such a base. Alexandretta offers certain advantages, especially in its being covered by Cyprus. Yet it has many technical disadvantages, notably the narrowness of the littoral, the difficulty of communicating with the interior and its nearness to the Turkish frontier. Tripoli seems to have fewer disadvantages, however, and could be developed into a strong naval station and air base.

If this idea were to be put into effect, it would have to conform to France's traditional policy toward the Syrian countries and be to their advantage as well as to our own. Compensation to the Lebanon and Syrian Republics should take the form of some amelioration of their economic difficulties, and should serve to strengthen the future entente between them and France.

From a broader viewpoint we must remember that the entente cordiale with Great Britain is one of the bases of French policy, and that a majority of the French are convinced that the entente is the principal factor for peace in the world at the present time. Our system of bases throughout the world, therefore, is happily complementary to that of Britain. In the Eastern Mediterranean, especially, there is a complete inter-penetration of British and French interests, since they share the oil of Iraq and the route to the Middle and Far East. In short, French forces and bases are as necessary to the security of the British Empire as those of Britain are to the security of France.

It is of paramount importance to point out that there is nothing in this association between France and Great Britain that threatens Italian interests. There is room for all in this Mediterranean, although the ease and speed of communication, and especially the amazing progress of aviation, tend to make it seem very small. There is room for the smaller nations on its shores—for Turkey, Egypt, Greece, Yugoslavia and the new Syrian States—whose rights must not be infringed, and there is room for the Great Powers who must keep their vital seaway open.

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This warning against spies is being read by millions of Soviet citizens.

Beware *of* Spies!

By S. URANOV

Translated from *Pravda*
Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

IT IS a well known fact that almost all persons who are allowed to leave Germany must first report to the Foreign Department of the National Socialist Party where they are instructed to get information about the people whom they may meet abroad. The same is true in Japan.

This study of foreign citizens by the German and other intelligence services has only one objective—to involve them as quickly as possible in espionage. The German Intelligence maintains a special card-index file of foreigners who are suitable for its purposes. These cards are cross-filed according to name, residence, profession and individual traits of the prospective spy. The lists of 'candidates' for spies, who are very often unwilling victims of blackmail, are headed, of course, by persons whose political convictions are known to be unstable; then come men with various weaknesses and vices, especially those who are dishonest in financial matters or prone to spend a lot of money. With this list of more or less compromised individuals in their possession, the intelligence bureaus either wait for them to go abroad before approaching them, or, if they remain at home, have them seduced by a special 'recruiting' agent.

Professional spies who are sent to the Soviet Union have had a careful preliminary training, which includes a perfect knowledge of Russian. They have read local Soviet newspapers of the place to which they are sent. They have been taught radio operation, both sending and receiving, and have listened to Soviet broadcasts. The Polish Intelligence Service prescribes a list of books which all agents who expect to work in Russia must read and be able to discuss in the spirit of Soviet criticism. Among the titles are *Chapaev*, *The Making of a Hero* and *The Seeds of Tomorrow*. Lately, Polish spies have also been required to study the Soviet Constitution, the history of the Communist Party and data on the Stakhanovite movement. They

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must, of course, be perfectly acquainted with the Soviet terminology.

After being thus prepared the agents are sent to the U.S.S.R. as tourists or are simply smuggled across the frontier. Each spy sent to us by capitalistic countries tries to adjust himself as quickly as possible to the Soviet environment, to pass for a Soviet citizen and to find work. The last problem is made easy by the complete absence of unemployment in Russia. The spy tries to get into a factory or some other Soviet organization, to make friends and to discover who can be most easily entangled in his net. He gets himself a forged or stolen passport, sometimes even a forged Party membership card and convincing letters of recommendation. He stops at nothing to obtain respectability. He may, for example, marry a Stakhanovite woman worker who is well known in the factory, or ally himself with a veteran proletarian family. He will then be able to enter a prominent circle in the factory as the 'husband of so-and-so' or 'so-and-so's son-in-law' or relative. He may even marry several times before he finds a match that suits his purposes. After establishing himself in a factory or community he begins to carry on his recruiting work among our citizens, trying to make them traitors to their country and tools for the foreign intelligence.

The Trotskiite trials have shown us that these traitors were just as eager to serve the Fascist intelligence service as the latter were to recruit them. But it is harder to entice men who would have nothing to do with the Trotski plot. The Fascist secret agents pay special attention to such men and try to force them into espionage by various unsavory methods, including financial and moral pitfalls, followed by blackmail and terrorization. For example, an anti-Soviet pamphlet is sent to a prospect whose reaction is then carefully watched. If he does not report the pamphlet to the Party Committee, destroys it or simply ignores it, he soon receives a visit from a recruiting agent who tries to persuade him to enter the service of the foreign intelligence. When the citizen expresses his indignation and threatens to inform the authorities, the agent calmly reminds him of the pamphlet he had received and failed to report, pointing out that its receipt can be proved through the postman.

Even though his first visit may be fruitless the agent follows it up. On his next visit he becomes bolder, basing his demands on the fact that the citizen did not give him up to the authorities the first time. All he wants is a bit of harmless information which he says he must have; he offers money and promises to leave the citizen alone after this information is obtained. The rest follows automatically. Having touched pitch our citizen is forever defiled and becomes a puppet in the hands of a skillful agent.

II

Many methods are used in entrapping the marked man. Often, when an official is shifted to another post or is going on a vacation, he is accosted on the train by a stranger who knows some friend of his. During the journey the agent sounds out his victim, discovers his weaknesses and begins to spin his web. A summer resort is an excellent hunting ground for the recruiters, since it is easy to make

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friends there, and it does not occur to the dupe to question the interesting, obliging and seemingly harmless people he meets.

In many cases the recruiting agent will promote a match between some unsuspecting vacationist and an attractive young woman. Later on the wife will show an extraordinary interest in her husband's activities and often get possession of official secrets. After having collected enough material to compromise her husband, she will lay her cards on the table and offer him well paid and easy work for the foreign intelligence she represents. Not everybody has enough courage to get out of such a trap.

In reality every honest Soviet citizen can, if he wants to, free himself at any time from the net that is slowly closing around him and even be useful to his country by exposing his tormentors. An error or even a delinquency, if they are confessed, are less of a crime than a secret agreement with an enemy of one's country. One must always remember that a man who has once made any kind of an agreement with a foreign agent is no longer his own master: beginning with seemingly innocent errands, he is later forced to carry out acts of sabotage and terror. If he gives a spy an inch of his integrity, he is lost.

This is exactly what happened in the case of the young engineer Stroilov who was convicted at the last Trotski trial. While he was engaged in Germany on a government mission a German agent gave him a book by Trotski to read, followed it up with other counter-revolutionary literature and ended by blackmailing him. Instead of exposing these machinations of the German spy, Stroilov preferred to hide his offense and bought silence of the German Intelligence with a written promise to provide it with information on subjects in which it was interested. Now, of course, he had delivered himself completely into the Gestapo's claws. When Stroilov came back to Russia the Gestapo would not leave him alone and he was forced to carry on sabotage and espionage.

III

If the fear of discovery forces foreign agents to act with circumspection on Soviet territory, they are far bolder in their own country. When a Soviet citizen passes through Polish or German territory, he finds himself surrounded by companions who try in every way to trap him. Several actual cases will show how discreet our engineers and officials must be when they go abroad if they are to avoid the skilfully spread nets of the foreign espionage system.

L., a Soviet worker who went abroad, wished to study the language of the country in which he was living and advertised for a tutor. One of the applicants turned out to be an attractive young woman of twenty-six called 'Mary,' who immediately touched his heart by a story of her poverty. For a few months the lessons went on without any untoward occurrence. L. became very friendly with his fair mentor and they spent many pleasant evenings together. During all that time 'Mary' never asked any questions that could have aroused his suspicion. By her own admission she did not understand much about politics.

One evening, during their lesson, Mary said she felt ill. She asked L. to call a doctor, a distant relative of

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hers, who diagnosed her illness as over-exertion affecting the heart. He gave her some powders and asked L. to let her stay and rest for a while. After a few hours L. decided that she might as well stay overnight since it was too late for her to go home, and went to sleep himself. In the morning, he awoke to find that Mary was gone, that all the doors to his apartment were locked and that the keys had been taken. He had to call the janitor by telephone to have the apartment opened. Instead of telling his friends about the affair, L. kept quiet, not wishing to start any unpleasant gossip. This was exactly what he was expected to do.

Sometime later a stranger came to visit him and told him that he had been sent over by the chief of the Counter-Intelligence. It seems that Mary had charged L. with rape and her charges were supported by the doctor who had visited her that evening and so was a witness to her presence in L.'s apartment. The charge was made plausible by the disappearance of the keys which Mary said she took away with her after having locked him in to escape from his attack. The agent stated that the Counter-Intelligence was not interested in compromising him and so on its own initiative asked Mary not to raise a scandal. She had consented on condition that she be paid the equivalent of $1,000 within five days.

After L.'s protest that he could not raise that much money the agent gave him to understand that he could help him to obtain the money in return for a trifling service. L. was merely to give his opinion on various individuals, so as to help the bureau sift the many reports and denunciations it had received about Soviet citizens abroad. L. expected something much worse and the request did not seem unreasonable. He even began to persuade himself that he would be doing a service to his compatriots by protecting them from calumny by the enemies of the Soviet Union. Another step and he would have been lost, but he was saved just in time. His behavior was noticed by his colleagues. They heard rumors about the locked apartment, noticed that L. was avoiding them and that he was trying desperately to raise money. They talked to him seriously and at last L. found the courage to admit everything.

IV

Very often the enemy takes advantage of the loose behavior of a Soviet citizen abroad. He is introduced to a woman, placed in a compromising situation and is thereupon confronted by the offended 'husband' who demands satisfaction. As compensation for hushing up the scandal, he is asked for certain information.

A variant of this method was employed to frame one Russian who was abroad on business. While at a café, he had to make a telephone call. Since there were no papers of any importance in his briefcase, he left it at his table. Upon returning, he found the briefcase where he left it and seemingly untouched. But as he was leaving the café he was stopped by a foreigner who accused him of being a Soviet spy. When he indignantly denied the charge, his accuser asked to examine his briefcase. In it, of course, was a compromising document which had been inserted during his absence from the table. Instead of turning to

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the police himself, this man made a deal with the stranger and to avoid a scandal promised, in writing, to get information about a man in the Soviet Union. He was soon entangled beyond hope of escape.

Another Soviet citizen, after inspecting a number of apartments in a German city finally settled on one which was being let by a cultured elderly woman. When he returned to tell her that he would take the apartment, he was arrested on the woman's charge that during his first visit he had stolen some jewelry. At police headquarters he stoutly asserted his innocence. Suddenly the Inspector changed his tone and declared that he would forget the whole affair for a little sum of money. The comrade was in such a hurry to escape from the embarrassing situation that he immediately handed over 20 marks without thinking of the consequences. The instant he did so, a door opened and in came a man who stated that he had overheard the transaction. Since bribing the police officer was direct proof of the Russian's guilt, he would have to ask the Inspector to make out an affidavit. Meanwhile he would be obliged to detain the 'culprit.' Left alone with the Russian the stranger said that he belonged to the Counter-Intelligence in charge of the police activities. He sympathized with the Russian in his predicament and was ready to help him in return for a small favor. It was the usual request for seemingly unimportant information about a Soviet citizen living in Russia. The simple-minded comrade suspected nothing, wrote down the name of the man in question in his own notebook and, upon the officer's request, in the latter's notebook. A few days later he was informed by telephone that the Counter-Intelligence officer wished to talk to him about a certain matter. Only then did he realize what was going on. He immediately reported the occurrence to his chief, and when the German agent began to press him, immediately drew his teeth by making it clear that he was not afraid of being exposed.

The Fascist intelligence services are quite aware that methods similar to their own can be used by others against them. In order to protect their own people against such attempts the Fascists have been making a generous use of motion pictures. The technique of espionage is vividly portrayed in such pictures as *Mata Hari*, *Port Arthur* and *The Traitor*. The last film describes the activities of the spies on German territory. The hero, a German aviator who had been severely compromised, found the courage to confess to his superiors and was ultimately rewarded. On the other hand, the Fascists idealize their own agents in an effort to inspire Fascist youth with the romantic and patriotic aspects of espionage for the Fatherland. Large numbers of these ardent young men and women are being carefully prepared for work against foreign governments. Eventually they will take their places in a vast machinery for penetrating the secrets of neighboring States by fair means or foul.

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A story of two French lads who continue the bitter feud of their fathers.

The Enemies

By André Chamson

Translated by Anthony Wixley

From the *International Literature*
Marxist Literary Monthly Published in Moscow

WHEN I reached the water's edge, I caught sight of a boy in the pool between the rocks. Naked, except for a large handkerchief about his loins, he was swimming on his stomach with leisurely strokes and blowing the little waves that retreated before him at the level of his mouth. The close-cropped hair on his bent head glittered with drops of water. He swam in my direction, his eyes fixed on the depths of the pool. As soon as he reached the riverbank, he stood up in the water, leaned against the cliff and looked up. It was Maubert. He saw me the moment I recognized him. Taking a deep breath, he raised his hands to clutch at the rock.

While he was trying to clamber ashore, I collected stones. In a few seconds I had four in my left hand, while in my right I gripped a rounded, oval pebble as heavy as a lump of precious metal. Raising and curving my right arm I shouted to the boy, who was scrambling up the rocks worn smooth by the spring floods:—

'Stay where you are!'

He took in the situation and his chances at a glance. He was naked, standing up to the waist in water, unsteady and unable to defend himself. He looked about him, as if seeking a way out. My arm was still raised above his head. He knew well that I would not miss my aim. Then he flung himself down on his back where the water was deepest and stared up at me as he lay there.

It was Maubert, my enemy. I was trembling with rage and joy as I watched him. My heart throbbed; its heavy, prolonged throbs passed into my raised hand. I thought to myself: 'I have him now.'

He did not look very proud just now as he floated there in the twelve-foot pool enclosed by slippery rocks. He gazed at me attentively through tear-filled eyes. I felt incapable of mercy. Our childish hatred was of too old a standing. Twenty battles had we fought already, and so far neither of us had known defeat. I thought of the

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evening when he and two of his friends had attacked me. They had been pushing a wheelbarrow down a dark side-street by the bridge. I only just caught my name, pronounced in the local manner 'Tchamsoun,' and the thud of the wheelbarrow-legs being set down. Then they were on me, their blows blinded me and made me dizzy, but I fought with hands, feet and head, biting anything that came within my reach. They let go of me; I retreated, fighting as I went, like a furious cat pursued by dogs. I had nothing against the other two; all my hatred was directed at Maubert. When our respective schools fought on Saturdays under the chestnuts on the fair-ground, it was at Maubert that I aimed the stones with which we armed ourselves. We always first spat a magic spell on these stones to insure their reaching their target. Maubert, on the other hand, always singled me out in these battles. Today I had him at my mercy; we were alone and I had the advantage. I thought of him as an enemy-band trapped in a narrow, rocky defile.

I sat down on the bank. He was directly opposite me, and whenever he attempted to swim with the current, I raised my arm. Then he would come back obediently to his place, rowing, as it were, with his hands and keeping an eye on the stone in my hand.

I stared at him with all my might, as if my glance alone had the power to strike him down. My anger mounted every moment. This was my mortal enemy. We did not go to the same school. Our parents would not speak to each other. Mine said, 'Those people are capable of anything.' And I had inherited this ancient enmity. Maubert's grandfather had denounced the Republicans at the time of the Empire; my grandfather had been a Republican.

By the time we were six years old, we hated each other. Everything about him seemed to me abominable. He lived in a little house with a vineyard attached to it, outside the town, on the road to Elze. I always thought of it as an accursed spot in our valley, a damp, unwholesome place where the sun refused to shine and everything was ruined by insects and mildew. I never went down the road where his house stood; there always seemed to me to be something repellent and mysterious about the way his parents lived. These were people of another race. They thought only of how to do us harm, while we had all the more reason to hate them because we felt ready to forgive them and to forget all our ancient wrongs. The enmity between the two families sprang up afresh with every child that was born, and, as soon as we reached eight years of age, we fought each other, each side being supported by a gang of youngsters who shared our hostility.

II

I held him at my mercy. He was a good swimmer, but he was beginning to show signs of fatigue. From time to time he dipped until the water covered his head, and took a mouthful, letting it squirt out in a fountain afterwards. I watched him in fury. I had never seen him so closely before; I would hardly have been able to recognize his face. He was fourteen, the same age as myself. He was not good-looking; his short hair stuck out in all directions like ears of wheat after a storm. When he spat out water, the very movement

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of his lips turned me sick. They were too full and puffy. 'Anyone would say they were a girl's lips,' I thought as I looked at them.

Holding my stone ready in my hand I watched him. If it had been he who had caught me in this pool! I would long since have felt a stone on my head. I read the thought in his sly glance. Oh, if he only could! But—let him just try to swim away with the current! If I let fly, I would aim at his head: so much the worse for him! And suppose I killed him? One blow of a stone would not kill anyone. He would be well able to scramble clear of the water even with a hole in his head and his face covered with blood. They had nearly killed me that evening when they were running with the wheelbarrow; they had been three to one.

'Stay where you are, I'm telling you. . . . Don't let the current carry you away.' I got up and raised my arm. He came back to his place, swimming on his back. He looked thoroughly chilled and as though he was at the end of his strength. His teeth chattered and rattled like a machine. I sat down again on the rock and looked closely at his face. . . . The dirty sly fellow! If one were to let these people have their way, they would soon show you. . . . But now I had him in my hands. Let us see if he would dare to stir now.

The sun was sinking; the shadows in the pool were lengthening. The water was turning black. Maubert still spat out mouthfuls of water from time to time, but now I could look at him without disgust. I was thinking: 'Funny that I should find him here. So he comes to bathe in the mountains as I do? And he knows my swimming hole? No. He must have found the place by accident, liked it and dived in. What if it had been he who had found me here. . . ?'

Maubert must have been shivering by now. It was the end of June and the water was still cold. One could catch one's death of cold staying too long in our mountain streams. He kept his eye on me and seemed to be waiting for something. 'Aha, you're waiting, are you? I'll give you something. A stone on your head or your arm.'

I got to my feet and turned the pebble over between my fingers to get a good grip of it. I knew how to fling it so that it would land straight on his head. It was a nice, water-worn pebble. I could have hit a bird on the wing with it at ten yards. People of his sort should be stamped out like adders before they had time to sting. He had not even the courage to resist. He was stunned with fear. If I had been in his place, I would have dived down, swum the inlet under water and, once on the other side, collected plenty of pebbles for myself. . . . But he was not thinking of anything. He only watched me with his girl's face. I knew now whom he resembled: his sister. She was grown-up, seventeen years old. He had lips like hers!

Maubert waited for my blow without moving, keeping himself on the surface simply by the slight stirring of his forearms. Lying there on his back, he looked as though he were already dead, struck on the brow with my stone. I stood for a moment staring at him, imagining him lifeless. Suddenly I let the stones fall out of my left hand. Then I flung the stone in my right high over his head to the opposite bank and called out, 'Get out of the water . . . Come here.'

I had hardly finished speaking when

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he clutched at a rock and uttered a loud 'brrrrr!' He clambered up the rocks, and, covering himself below his belly with both hands, ran to the tree beneath which he had left his clothes. I remained standing with my face turned toward the pool while he was dressing.

A minute or so later, I glanced over my shoulder and saw that he was coming toward me with short steps, buckling his belt. He seemed thoughtful. I turned my gaze to the water again, saying to myself: 'He will start throwing stones at me now. They're right under his feet now, much handier for him than for me.'

III

When I made up my mind to look around again, he was very near me. He had turned up his collar, and the color was coming into his cheeks as if they felt the sting of the mountain wind.

'Aren't you cold?' I asked him then.

'No, I have a flannel shirt on, fortunately.'

Again I experienced the feeling of disgust that only Maubert could arouse in me. The thought of that flannel shirt made me quite sick. Did they all wear flannel in that family?

He sat down near me. I stretched myself out on the rock, facing him.

'Why have you come here? Who gave you permission to come to this pool?'

'Who gave me permission? I often come here. It's my pool.'

'Your pool?'

I started up. 'Your pool, indeed?' I thought. 'We'll see about that.' Then I said sharply, 'Your pool? I have been coming here for a year. I discovered it one day as I was returning from Tessonne—in May.'

I could see by his eyes that his hatred of me had increased. He clenched his teeth and he stared at me. But we were equals in size and strength. Whatever it was prevented me from seizing him by the throat prevented him also. We were not afraid of each other; we respected each other.

'I found it by myself,' he said. 'It was last year, too. I often come here. I like it better than the Chaussée or the Pradet. No one muddies it, and when you're swimming you can see right to the bottom of the water everywhere.'

'There's nowhere to dive. If it wasn't for that, it would be the best swimming-hole in these parts. I tried once to make a swallow-dive but that jutting rock gets in the way. You can brain yourself if you hit it.'

Maubert smiled. He looked down at the submerged rock with an air of recognition and agreed.

'No,' he said, 'there's not much room here. But that doesn't matter, it's a pool. The water's nice here. You can feel how it's freshened by the waterfalls.'

So Maubert could feel the difference between this pool and others? He noticed the lightness of the water? He loved them? And I could talk to him about the secrets of our rivers?

'At Pradet the water already has no air in it; it is as heavy as earth.'

He nodded an affirmative and looked at me suspiciously. It appeared that I had penetrated to his secrets, too.

We said nothing, but gazed into the water, in which we could see the reflection of the clouds high over our heads; they were moving steadily, like

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a flock of sheep, toward the mountain, to slip over the pass.

Suddenly Maubert spoke. 'Why didn't you throw that stone at me?'

'You were all alone . . .'

'Perhaps you think I am afraid of you?'

'Perhaps you think I am, too? You can come for me, all three of you, and your wheelbarrow into the bargain, if you like.'

He flushed slightly. I did not stir, but I was on the alert.

Although I was lying down, I could spring to my feet in an instant. 'Let him only move,' I thought, 'I shall hit him with my head full in the face.' But he did not move.

'Why do you detest me?' he said at last.

'It's your. . . .' My indignation choked me and cut my sentence short. Then I blurted out in one breath: 'You are the worst—who ever touches you?'

He replied simply, as if stating an obvious fact, 'Oh, it's all your lot. . . .'

'All our lot?'

'You're different from us.'

'Why I did not throw that stone at you was because I wanted you to know what I was like. . . . If I had wanted to, I could have smashed you to bits, you know. But it suited me better to have a talk with you. You'll see what I'm like. . . . We are different from you, are we? Thank goodness! We—we aren't sly pigs, or liars either. And at our school we learn more things than you do at yours. I can ask you a few questions that will soon show you. Answer this question: Who ruled the country between the Romans and the Franks? Aha, now you're trying to remember what you never knew.'

Maubert did not know. He was ready to cry with vexation. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him and he said:

'Divide 375 by 25! In your head, in your head! You mustn't count on your fingers! So, you see you don't know everything!'

Vainly I sought the answer. The figures danced before my eyes. I was not good at mental arithmetic. But I said, 'Take the Visigoths: you have never heard of the Visigoths, have you?'

'The answer is 15. I say 15 and then prove it in my head—15 times 25.'

So we shamed each other. But instead of our hatred increasing, it weakened. I looked up at the sky and, after observing the direction of the wind, I said:—

'Should the sun in sea-wind set. . . .'

'The next day surely will be wet,' Maubert concluded for me.

'When the cape puts on his hood . . . .'

'The shepherd is glad of his cloak so good.'

Maubert laughed, delighted that he could finish my sentences for me and that he knew the sayings that contained the wisdom of the countryside.

'You say you found this pool on your way back from Tessonne?'

'I had been there looking for tulips.'

'On the cliffs?'

'Where else would you find them? Perhaps you know of some other spot? Well. . . . The Tessonne is not very high. You can get there in an afternoon. I like that side best.'

He gave a wink, and started to trace with his finger the road to Prat-Coustal. I followed it in every detail. He made no mistakes. Above the vil-

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lage he climbed straight to the meadows, went along the fringe of a firwood and came out on the road to the pass. 'There you are,' he said.

'Do you go there often?'

He nodded. I liked him this way. For the first time he seemed a decent, decided sort of fellow. Of course, he was not a comrade like Jean or Maurice. But still I might go for a tramp with him. At a pinch, I would have to drink from the same mug, share the bread and some tinned stuff. We would have to sleep under the same blanket . . .

'I know you go there often,' he added. 'My sister always says, "What does he understand about mountains, that weedy little fellow?"'

My cheeks burned. I no longer thought of attacking Maubert; I would like to have had a fight with that big sister of his, whom he resembled so closely.

'And she understands something, does she? Has she ever seen them, I wonder?'

'Oh, yes, I should just think she has! I always go with her. Wait though, listen: once when we were up on Luzette, we saw you climbing the Cap de Coste. You were with Jean and Maurice. My sister said: "Let's hide among the trees,"—you know, among those dead firs. Well, we watched you pass. My sister said: "They walk quite well, these thin little fellows. And just hear how they sing." And you in particular—she said, "What a singer! You would think he owned the mountains!"'

Now I no longer knew whether I was Maubert's enemy or not. It seemed to me that we had climbed the mountains together and were now talking over our memories together.

'I'd like to come with you sometime. You'd see—I wouldn't lag behind! But my father won't let me. . . .'

'Has he forbidden you to speak to us?'

Maubert gave an almost imperceptible nod. He seemed ashamed that he was forbidden. He added, as if in self-justification, 'He says you'll come to no good. . . .' Then, all in one breath, 'Because of your lack of religion.'

'And what is it then that your father lacks? What is it prevents him from coming to some good? No lack of priests at any rate.'

'We belong to this part of the country,' Maubert replied. 'We are not very well off. And there's no call for you to speak ill of my father.'

'Nor he of us! Don't we belong to this part of the country too? Are we supposed to be rich? And he thinks we have no religion, does he?'

'Yes, but not the true . . .'

'A lot you know about it, whether it's the true religion or not. You say the Protestants have black throats and sealed ears. . . . Wait, look here. . . . A-a-a-h. . . . Is my throat black? And as for your ear? Hm! You think it's a beautiful ear, do you? We'll have something to say about that ear of yours yet!'

The old hatred raised its head again. But we could find no justification for it as we talked to each other. There was something mysterious about Maubert that made him my enemy. It was a kind of secret that turned him against me. We were living side by side, in the same God-forsaken place and we detested each other because we did not know each other.

'They make boys into fools in your church schools,' I said to Maubert.

'And in the government schools

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they make them into bandits!' he retorted.

'We'll see about that. . . . What are you going to be when you grow up? You don't even know. Well, I shall do something. You come and look at me when I am thirty. Then we'll see who are the bandits.'

Maubert got to his feet. I did not stir. I saw clearly that he did not think of attacking me. He did not seem to have heard my last words, or at least he was pretending that he saw no offense in them. Instead, he was gazing meditatively at the huge stairway worn by the mountain torrent as it poured down into the valley. With his eye he was measuring the cliffs and the long slabs of granite which rose obliquely above our heads.

'We'd have just time to climb up there,' he said at last. 'Don't you want to come up with me? We won't go round, but straight up by the rocks. I don't suppose anyone has done that yet. Are you afraid? You wouldn't dare to climb that cliff-wall.'

I was already on my feet. I threw back my head to look up at the steep wall, broken here and there by narrow, grassy platforms.

'It's you who will not dare to climb after me. The cliff is steeper than it seems. We'd have to get to that platform first, work around that wall—that passage there, and turn to the left along the ledge.'

IV

We had discovered a way to fight each other. I started to clamber up the boulders, followed by Maubert. I was saying to myself: 'He will ask me to help him. And more than once, too, while we're climbing up there. . . . I've been there with Jean ten times, but we were always beaten when we got to the last wall. I shall get past it this time, though. And he will stop at the ledge twenty meters below me. We could not win past that wall at first. But now I know the knack of it. There is something to catch hold of, just at the turn, where you have to balance on one leg. . . . It was really Jean who found that out. For five minutes he hung in space, not daring to go either backward or forward.'

I got around the ledge easily; Maubert almost fell but I grasped his wrist just in time.

'You've been here before,' panted Maubert, 'so it doesn't count. I have favorite places, too.'

'I've been as far as this spot before, it's true, but from here on I know the way no better than you do. I have never been able to get any farther. See, we have to climb up there. And as for what is waiting for us there . . . I have never been there.'

In the middle of the granite wall, there was an almost vertical fissure about ten meters high. It was overgrown with green moss swollen out by ooze from the rocks. Out of a deeper fissure a little tree grew.

'If you have never been there before, you won't get there today. Let's go down again.'

I had already started the ascent, and was scrambling quickly up to the middle of the crack. There, placing my back and feet more firmly, I looked up at the tree drooping over me. This was the point where we had always had to give up the ascent. Even when I stretched myself to my full height, I could not reach the gnarled tree-trunk.

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Both my feet tore themselves away from the last foothold. My legs went taut as springs and held me with my back to the wall. I slackened the tension. But the more ease I gave my legs, the unsteadier I felt. I did not dare to move my feet any more. Stretching one arm above my head, I groped in the air and, all of a sudden, touched the tree-trunk with the tips of my fingers, then with both hands. I pulled myself up and here found something more to hold on to. I climbed out on the wall.

My hands were torn and bleeding. Two nails were broken. Jean would be furious today when he heard I had climbed this cliff. He would want to come here again, to climb it himself. He could go to the devil if he liked; never again would I attempt this.

Maubert was climbing up after me, watching every movement of mine. Now, with his body straining convulsively, he was doing exactly as I had done. I felt he would sooner agree to roll headlong down to the torrent than turn back. Lying on my stomach, I watched him climb; I was terrified that I might see him tumble down into the abyss. I encouraged him, straining the muscles of my own body as he did. I bent my back as I watched him scrambling up the flue, as it were. I spread my fingers as if to seize the tree-trunk when he reached that point.

'Come on, Maubert. It's not risky any more. . . .' When he was just above the tree, he got into an awkward spot and could not manage to get a grip on the rock. I seized his wrist in both hands and nearly tore him away from the support to which he was clinging with the other hand. But the next moment he was at my side, very pale and dizzy.

Then I said, 'We're equal now.'

He moved away from the edge. I was glad to think I had conquered that wall. I would never have done it with Jean. I had scaled it because Maubert was my enemy and I would rather have killed myself than have said, as I would have to a comrade, 'This is sheer madness. . . . We can never do it.'

Nor would Maubert ever have got there if it had not been for me. We had carried our agility and our boyish daring to limits they would never have attained if they had lacked the stimulus of our enmity. And so it would be all our lives. I would go ahead in order not to lag behind Maubert, my enemy.

Quite So

In no country of the world is there as much objective criticism as in Germany. This criticism, however, is not made in public.

— Dr. Joseph Goebbels

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Persons and Personages

N. Chamberlain, Ltd.

By Harold J. Laski

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

It is one of the ironies of history that Mr. Neville Chamberlain should succeed to the place so greatly coveted by his father and brother. Each of the latter was for a generation in politics; each seemed naturally destined for the Premiership; each just missed the fulfillment of his ambition.

Until the end of the War, Mr. Neville Chamberlain had a purely Birmingham reputation. He had been Lord Mayor; he had acted—without any special distinction—as Director of National Service under Mr. Lloyd George.

He came into politics under Mr. Baldwin's ægis in 1922. Twice Minister of Health, and twice Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has succeeded to the leadership of the nation at an extraordinarily critical time. His years of office are bound to be fateful years. What kind of man is he to whom our destiny is thus confided?

Within his range, he thinks clearly and energetically. He is an excellent committee-man, always abreast of his papers, and always aware of where he wants to go.

In no sense of the word an orator, incapable by nature of the memorable sentence or the inspired phrase, he speaks clearly, and he is a useful debater in the sense that he is quick to see the weak points in an opponent's case.

Beneath a cold exterior, he is a sensitive person; and it is worth emphasizing that, again within his range, he has the historic Chamberlain realization that social problems are urgent. He is an efficient administrator, who rapidly becomes the master of the Department over which he presides.

It is well known that Mr. Baldwin drove his Cabinet on a loose rein; under Mr. Chamberlain, I do not think there will be any doubt of where the ultimate control lies.

But he has grave defects. He is not an imaginative person. His principles are profoundly held, but their scope is narrow. He has never been tempted to their examination; it never occurs to him that they may be legitimately doubted. He approaches all his problems from the somewhat commonplace assumptions of the average business man.

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He has what William James called 'habit without philosophy.' He believes in being practical; but his view of what is practical is wholly limited by his own narrow experience. He has little ability to penetrate the minds of other people. He is contemptuous of opposition to his own program. He can rarely be persuaded to see any other side of the case than his own.

There is nothing daring or experimental about him. He has the courage of an obstinate man who has made his bargain with destiny; he would never admit that the bargain can be reopened. His social outlook was formed thirty years ago, when his father was the uncrowned King of Birmingham, and it has never altered.

There are people who regard Mr. Chamberlain as a reactionary. That is not, I think, quite fair. His purposes are high purposes; he would give his life to make a great empire. But the forces to which he looks to make the empire great, the forces of which he is himself the expression and the representative, are, in fact, its most reactionary forces.

They have none of that magnanimity which Burke declared indispensable to the successful working of empire. They confound the volume of the trade returns with the volume of happiness. They are either ignorant of how the masses live, or convinced that the masses would be content to live that way if it were not for agitators. They have no vision of what Geneva might mean, or what Soviet Russia does mean. They think of the new forces afoot in the world exactly as their progenitors thought of the French Revolution. Quite sincerely, they identify their private welfare with the public well-being.

That is how Mr. Chamberlain thinks. That he so thinks with profound sincerity no one who has watched him at work will deny. There is nothing in him of Mr. Baldwin's occasional imaginative insight. There is not an atom of President Roosevelt's daring.

The man who got its municipal bank for Birmingham does not see why any other city should have its municipal bank also; and he is genuinely surprised that his attitude should cause surprise.

The man who canceled the American debt thinks that 'even the Middle West' can understand the grounds of his action; he is amazed that the Middle West should resent his contemptuous reference.

If he had moments of instinctive and imaginative generosity, he might see wider perspectives than those which open to him. But the man who, in making the Ottawa agreement, laid so much of the world's economic well-being as a wreath upon the tomb of his father's memory does not speculate upon foundations.

So that from Mr. Chamberlain we shall get some years of characteristic Tory rule. There will be no occasional sermons in the Baldwin manner. There will be little of the plea for mutual understanding by

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which Mr. Baldwin sweetened even defeat for his opponents. Mr. Chamberlain is, in the Bismarckian sense, a man who plays real politics.

His class is in power; while he is there he will do all he can to see that it keeps its power. He will not even be anxious, as Mr. Baldwin was anxious, to maintain unimpaired the special compromises of our political system.

His conception of political democracy does not include the extension of its principles to the economic sphere as well. He has even forgotten the doctrine of ransom—of the rich man's privileges by the social services he helps to pay for in return—which his father preached so stoutly in the 'seventies. Or, rather, perhaps his conception of the limits of ransom is that set by the business community's conception of what it can afford.

His attitude to excess profits shows clearly enough that the one thing he would wish to avoid is disturbance of the confidence of business men. For him, they are the essence of the community, as Macaulay thought the middle classes the 'natural representatives of the human race.'

Mr. Chamberlain, indeed, will be our first middle-class Prime Minister in capitalist democracy's period of economic contraction. Mr. Asquith was a lawyer of Whig views; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Baldwin were rentiers rather than business men. With Mr. Chamberlain, the true philosophy of the business man will be at last resident at No. 10 Downing Street. With his accession to the supreme office, problems will be examined as a business man looks at the balance sheet of a company. There will be honesty, precision, energy. But the times call for imagination, for vision, for experimentalism. I do not see these qualities in Mr. Chamberlain.

That is why I cannot regard his Premiership without apprehension. He is the expression of an outlook at war with all the new hopes that are striving for expression in our day.

Léon Jouhaux

By Pierre Humbourg

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

SINCE the forty-hour week was introduced in France, Léon Jouhaux has been working something like seventy hours a week. The Secretary General of the great Confédération Générale du Travail, always called the C. G. T., certainly does not benefit by the law for which he is more responsible than anyone else.

Jouhaux is the least guarded and the easiest to approach of all the

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high French officials. Call him on the telephone and he will answer you directly without the annoying intermediation of secretaries; present yourself at the headquarters of the C. G. T. and you discover that a note of introduction is unnecessary. Comrade doorman takes your name, asks you to wait in the foyer of what looks like a simple business office. Jouhaux's name is on the small brass plate on a door. Behind its solid wood, which sometimes quivers before the onslaught of voices, Jouhaux speaks, argues, dictates, defends, cajoles and persuades. Day after day, hour after hour he carries on the continuous chatter that is an essential part of his job.

But he knows his job well. Insult leaves him unruffled and flattery makes him smile. As he listens, he plays with his tortoise-shell glasses—he puts them down, picks them up again, folds and unfolds them. That is his particular mannerism.

Jouhaux is a born speaker. He is not a demagogue whose speech is replete with lyrical imagery; nor is he a meticulous and polished orator like Léon Blum. He simply chats. He actually chats with ten thousand men in the Velodrome d'Hiver just as unconcernedly as he did with me in his office. He is at once familiar and distant, cautious and self-assured, in his comfortable lounge suit, with pockets pulled out of shape by papers that he did not have the time to read.

I imagine that Comte de la Fère must have looked like Jouhaux at fifty. The clear eye of the duelist, the black goatee, the somewhat heavy face, the thinning hair and the handshake at once firm and indifferent —all these characteristics remind one of Athos. Many sieges, combats, duels have marked Jouhaux's life. He has known political prisons; has lived through the exciting days of Villeneuve Saint Georges when one day the Confédération lay mortally wounded, and a few months later it was up again and he, then a young man of twenty-nine, was leading it. He had met with mockery, doubt, contempt; then people began to say: 'Ah, the C. G. T. That's something to reckon with!' Then came respect followed by genuine esteem.

The impression he produces is that of an honest man full of good common sense. This Parisian, a former workman who is now a bureaucrat and an orator, has the stolid temperament of a peasant with his feet rooted in clay; and he has plowed a deep and straight furrow.

'Fortune favors early risers,' is an ancient saying. Jouhaux gets up at seven o'clock every day—unless he has spent the night fully dressed on the train. He reads the *Peuple* while putting on his suspenders; he laces his shoes with the *Populaire* spread out on the floor before him. He has no time for any other arrangement. Luckily he lives near the *Siège* of the C. G. T. and his office is his real home. That is where he should be visited, in his sunny office, on the walls of which are a large

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painting of a factory and a mask of Beethoven. There he sits, hunched up behind his desk. The announcer's buzzer and the telephone interrupt him constantly; the whole proletarian world seems to want to talk with him.

He has just written a book entitled *C. G. T.—What It Is and What It Wants to Achieve*. The Confédération is more or less what he has made it. As for what it wants—Jouhaux has only to look back at his own early hardships. What the C. G. T. wants is that the little Jouhaux of tomorrow will not have to go to work at twelve years of age in a paper mill where the air is foul with the odors of glue and mold.

'My task,' says Jouhaux, 'was to dry the paper by spreading it on the boards. But at the same time, I was preparing for an examination which would get me a scholarship at the Colbert School. I entered it when I was thirteen. Nine months later I had to leave because I could not get along without the meager wages of an apprentice. So I got a job in a soap factory.' He says this quietly, simply, without any rancor. He is merely chatting. I listened eagerly, profiting by a temporary lull. The telephone is not ringing and nobody seems to be coming up in the elevator.

'If you will excuse me. . . .' He is putting on his glasses and opening his mail, reading everything attentively. It is time for a *Maryland*. The pipe will come later as a remedy or a reward.

'As I was saying . . . oh yes! I was in soap up to my neck. Then things began to get better. After a while I got another scholarship in the Diderot School. I stayed there for a year. But my father had bad luck and I had to start working again with a locksmith in the Rue du Buisson-Saint-Louis. . . .'

A telephone rings. He puts on his glasses. 'Yes, in two minutes.' It is 9 o'clock, time to interview people. I am asked to wait in a little office next door. Jouhaux sends for me ten minutes later.

'It was a delegation from Carcassonne,' says Jouhaux. 'Now I must go to the Hotel Matignon to see the Premier.'

The telephone rings again. It is a call from Geneva. The International Labor Office wants some information. Jouhaux puts out his cigarette. You can see that he is beginning to be irritated. It seems that he cannot have quiet even for ten minutes. He hangs up and lights a pipe.

'Somebody ought to write a book about the pipe,' he says, 'about its influence on man's everyday life. It helps me to isolate myself, to concentrate on my thoughts in the midst of a crowd. . . .

'As I was saying,' he continues, 'from fourteen to fifteen I made candlesticks. I hammered them into little trees, a popular model at that time. Then I became a member of the union and when I was sixteen I joined my family in a match factory: my father, my brother and sister were already working there.'

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On the wall I see a plan for the C. G. T.'s pavilion in the Exhibition. Jouhaux follows my glance and remembers: 'I used to be a construction worker, too.'

It's time to finish the reminiscences of this uneventful childhood. Somebody is knocking on the door. Jouhaux must write an article for the *Peuple*.

'What a profession,' he groans, pulling at his pipe, his eyelids suddenly heavy. But his hand is already fidgeting on the glasses. . . . Then Comrade X or Comrade Y is announced and must be seen. Dr. Jouhaux diagnoses every morning from 10 to 12 in this clinic on the Rue Lafayette. One union seems to be suffering from some internal disease. A coöperative is wasting away. The Matignon Agreement (with the great corporations) has been attacked by alimentary grippe. Jouhaux nurses his pipe, his face grave. He gives his opinion, always emphasizing his belief that mature reflection is better than violence.

This man seems to be an addict of the 'social contract' at heart. He firmly believes that Man is good and that everything will come out well. They ask his signature in behalf of some political prisoner. He signs, smiling at a memory:—

'In 1900 I, too, was a political prisoner.'

The C. G. T. begins to hum with activity. On all its floors, workers' claims are being pressed and social progress hurries on. 'Thirty-three years of C. G. T.,' says Jouhaux, 'and see what we have now!'

The headquarters has new furniture, a library, a good elevator, a central heating system and switchboard—all symbols of prosperity.

'In 1904 I was a delegate to a labor conference at Angers, in 1908 an associate treasurer of the C. G. T., from 1909 on its Secretary General.'

But now it is 10:30. While we were talking, the mail has been read through, examined and annotated. Now with the help of his collaborators, who have sorted out yesterday's news, and the notes from the delegates, syndicates, unions and federations Jouhaux really gets to work at 11 o'clock. The path of labor is beset with obstacles and quicksands. Each day a conflict which yesterday had seemed on the point of settlement suddenly flares up again, and Jouhaux perceives with a sigh that all is not well in this best of all worlds. A multitude of meetings and consultations looms before him. He must fight, struggle, argue, reconsider old issues, throw himself against obstinate opposition.

'Every new tendency,' he says, 'means a break with the old habits of thinking and acting. That is hard for men who are still prisoners of old routines.'

And so he carries on this war which resolves itself into a thousand sporadic little skirmishes on the economic, social and political fields of battle. But each day the end of the enemy's resistance draws nearer;

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during the last few months the working class, 'Jouhaux's class,' has gained considerable ground.

Jouhaux runs through his notes. Sometimes he clenches his fist as he reads: some dishonesty or treachery has angered him. His pipe spurts forth a ribbon of blue smoke that encircles his old musketeer's head like a turban. The morning has passed and he has not even had time to visit the Premier or to call up the Minister of Labor. The conferences, coming one after another, have taken up all his time.

One o'clock.

'Perhaps,' says Jouhaux, 'we should have lunch now.'

He knows all the restaurants. It is there that he is able to rest, although he is seldom alone. When he is alone, he bolts his food for his thoughts are elsewhere. And endlessly he plays with his glasses as he reads, eats and drinks.

His appetite is good. During his lunch time he reënforces himself for the rest of the strenuous day. Between courses he fumbles in his pockets, pulling out papers, wrinkled and full of tobacco. From among them he sorts out a note, a memorandum about an appointment he has forgotten to keep. But still he relaxes a little and is able to chat.

'No,' he says, 'I almost never go to a concert. Where would I find the time for it? Don't make me talk about music. It would be merely pretentious on my part. Sometimes when I am home in the evening, I turn on the radio. It doesn't matter what I happen to get, it rests me. The movies rest me too.'

He nibbles at fruit meditatively. He accounts for his rare moments of relaxation.

'Theater? Once I went there. I saw a terrible play that attempted to prove something and I still have an unpleasant memory of it.

'I like everything that provides an escape for me, that helps me forget myself.'

Jouhaux rises at the end of his little hour of leisure. The battle begins anew. Economic and financial problems, industrial and social conflicts, unemployment, the 40-hour week—these are never settled and every day demand his attention. He must make a round of the Ministries, which know him well. In each he listens, argues, defends the workers. He represents one of the greatest forces in France.

It is now 2:30. Jouhaux goes to the Rue de Varenne, where Léon Blum is expecting him. For months now, ever since the famous Matignon Agreement was signed, Jouhaux has been frequently called upon by the Premier's office, or, as is the case today, has had to ask for an appointment. Today he will stay there an hour. Some days he must come back several times to discuss the grave problems inherent in the continuing strife between the workers and the employers. Jouhaux has argued for

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weeks, argued till exhausted. While he can see his opponents' point of view, he must remain faithful to the mandate given him by the millions of workers.

At four he has a closed conference with some specialists. It lasts for an hour and a half. He has to telephone five or six times to the C. G. T., where they are waiting for him.

We come back to the Avenue Rapp, to the Ministry of Labor, where he must introduce a delegation from the Midi and ask the Minister of Labor to help them with their problems. He must plead their cause. But his conversation grows more sparing: he must save his voice.

Jouhaux does not like to shout at the top of his lungs, even when he wishes to command the silence of the enthusiastic crowds at the Vel d'Hiv'. The judicious use of the loudspeaker, he says, can save many throat ailments. Now that the Popular Front has come into power, his public functions have been doubled: he must march in parades, make speeches, read proclamations.

In the taxi that takes him back to his beloved C. G. T. he closes his eyes. Every minute of his busy day he must live up to his maxim and take things as they come, one by one. This is the last stage of his usual day's activity—unless he has to speak in the evening.

At six he begins to clear his desk. He reads through the answers to the morning mail; he reads telegrams reporting unrest among the stevedores of Marseilles and the vine-growers of Bordeaux. Nothing is fixed except the desire of millions of human beings to live more comfortably, win a better distribution of work and wages. Above this confusion of discontent and hope we see Jouhaux watching, judging, observing and dreaming.

Seven o'clock. The C. G. T. staff has gone home. But Jouhaux is still working on the seventh floor, reading a syndicated release and making notes for an article. One more telephone call, one last puff at the pipe and his long day is over. With a characteristic gesture he passes his finger between his neck and collar. All the papers are arranged. The twilight shows violet outside the window. A locomotive's whistle comes from under the Lafayette Bridge. Jouhaux picks up a bundle of papers and stuffs them into the unfortunate pocket that is always bulging.

Suddenly he is tired. His heavy mask of a face relaxes. No longer is there any agenda to follow. He has reserved a place in the Bayonne Express for tomorrow morning. But tonight he is free. He wants distraction.

'If we could go to a cinema. . . .'

He looks carefully through the list, eliminating titles that seem too exciting. He does not like gangster pictures. What he wants after a day full of serious problems is something to laugh at. With half-closed eyes

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he follows the line to the doors of the theater and finally falls into his seat. His grilling day is behind him. Stripped of the glamour with which the headlines of the papers invest it, his work now seems like a series of inglorious skirmishes.

Jouhaux smiles to himself in the darkness. Then he laughs at something that is said. It is a pleasant laugh. He has forsaken his pipe and is now smoking a cigarette. The show ends. He did not have to talk for two hours.

'That's what I like about the movies—I don't have to talk.'

Outside the theater, he leaves me and disappears into the night—into nothingness, one might say, because Léon Jouhaux really has no life apart from his beloved C. G. T.

Fumimaro Konoye

By Tatsuo Iwabichi

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

PRINCE Fumimaro Konoye, President of the Japanese Chamber of Peers, is certainly one of the most remarkable leaders in present-day Japan, despite his comparative youth and lack of experience in practical politics. He has a great deal in common with venerable Prince Kimmochi Saionji, the last survivor of the Genro. The difference in their ages, however, cannot but be reflected in their attitude toward national problems. At eighty-seven, Prince Saionji is suspicious of innovations and wishes to maintain the *status quo;* Prince Konoye, who is only forty-five, is more interested in the future than in the past. The former symbolizes the Japan of yesterday, the latter that of tomorrow. Yet the two men understand each other completely and the old representative of the Genro regards Konoye as a son. Between them, in fact, there are only the normal differences which separate two generations.

After the attempt to assassinate Premier Okada on February 26, 1936, Prince Saionji advised the Emperor to entrust power to Prince Konoye. The latter refused to form a Cabinet. He explained that too many of his friends would be displeased if he did so. This was precisely the same argument that Prince Saionji advanced in 1918 when he was pressed to head the government.

The young statesman believed that corruption in the political parties made drastic reforms necessary, but that reforms could best be achieved by giving the parties responsibility. It would make them realize the gravity of the national crisis, he thought, and inspire them to live up to their task. At the same time, Prince Konoye took a realistic attitude

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toward the other alternative — the formation of a military cabinet. Since the Mukden Incident, the military had shown themselves eager to formulate and carry out their own program. Despite fears in some circles of what might happen should they be given full authority, he saw no objection to allowing them a free hand. He did not believe that they would attempt anything very extreme, maintaining that a government can make only such changes as the nation is ready to accept. Thus Prince Konoye advocated choosing between the parties and the military to administer the nation.

The public was given to understand that he had refused the Premiership because of ill health. It is true that he has not a robust constitution and was practically a sick man following his arduous political activity during the Okada crisis. The impairment of his health came in circumstances that were pathetic. When the great earthquake and conflagration of 1923 struck Tokyo, Prince Konoye was in the capital. He escaped injury, but his mind was torn with anxiety about his family, which was in Karuizawa, a summer resort north of the city. Communications had been severed, and nobody knew what had happened in the rest of the country. Partly on foot and partly in freight trains, he made his way to the resort, suffering exhaustion that made him an invalid for more than a year. He has since been compelled to give special care to his health and spends more than half of the year in retirement. Consideration for his health was undoubtedly one reason for his refusal to form a Cabinet, but it was not the sole reason.

Prince Konoye meant his refusal to serve as a warning to other statesmen against timidity in facing realities. The assassination of Premier Inukai by young military officers had revealed national unrest. The causes of this unrest had been studiously neglected by the Saito Government, and by the time of its resignation they had become aggravated. Nor had there been any improvement under Premier Okada. Any attempt to confine expanding energy leads inevitably to an explosion, and energy was expanding in Japan. A reluctance to face realities and petty attempts to circumvent the growing trend of the times were visible not only in political circles but also in business and other spheres of national activity. The politicians were not making a sincere effort to understand the lessons of the past and to apply them in bringing about improvements. A warning was needed against the dangers of such mental and moral lethargy, but it could not be given in words. Prince Konoye tried to emphasize it by his action.

Prince Konoye's indifference to personal power and glory, and hence his freedom to view the political situation objectively, arises in part from his personality and education. But his privileged position is also responsible. His family enjoys almost the highest rank and prestige among

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the peers, and this alone assures him of an important place among national leaders.

His ancestry goes back to the prehistoric Age of the Gods in close association with the Imperial Family. The founder of his family, Amenokoyane no Mikoto, ranked highest among the Gods who greeted Ninigino Mikoto, grandson of the Goddess Amaterasu, on his descent to Japanese soil, and from him sprang the Fujiwara family, which for centuries conducted the ceremonial affairs of the Imperial Court and played an important rôle in national development. The Japanese, who take great pride in the unbroken line of sovereigns since the founding of the Empire nearly 2,600 years ago, pay high respect to the unbroken generations of the Fujiwaras, especially because of their devotion through the ages to the Emperors. Prince Konoye is a direct descendant of this illustrious family.

Prince Atsumaro Konoye, father of the present head of the family, was also a great man. Although he died when only forty-two, he contributed much to the development of parliamentary government as President of the House of Peers, and his services in guiding diplomatic policies during the Sino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese wars were of special importance. Prince Konoye's aims were to secure peace and welfare at home through the development of parliamentary government and to safeguard the position of Japan in the world through amity with China, and he fought for them steadily until his untimely death in 1904.

Prince Fumimaro Konoye was a boy of thirteen when his father died. He has given the following account of his youth:—

'My father's political activities impaired the financial position of the family, and on his death we were left rather poor. While he lived, we had many friends, for people came to see him from early morning to late at night. Very few came after he died. Men who had received favors from him seemed to have forgotten them, and there were some who demanded the repayment of loans they claimed to have made to him. One, a wealthy notable, was particularly merciless. As we had no money, we sent to him some of our valuable treasures, but he would accept nothing but cash. This and other pathetic incidents bred in my susceptible mind a hatred of injustice. I was a gloomy youth throughout my student days, with an inclination to read extremist literature from Western Europe.'

The bitterness of his late childhood accounts for his spirit of defiance and his indomitable desire for social reform, traits not usually associated with a man of his privileged background. His eyes were opened to realities of life which otherwise would probably have been concealed from him.

In 1919 Prince Konoye attended the Peace Conference as an assistant of Prince Saionji, head of the Japanese Delegation. He was thus given

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an opportunity to meet many leaders of other nations and to see how diplomatic affairs are conducted. The outcome of the Conference thoroughly disappointed him. The treaty marked the end of the carnage, but it seemed to him lamentably imperfect as a foundation for enduring peace. Shortly before going to Paris, he had published a dissertation setting forth what he held to be the principles governing the peace and happiness of mankind. He had stressed the importance of reorganizing the social order so as to guarantee greater justice among individuals and to assure equality of rights and opportunities among nations. As his dissertation had attracted the notice of Western statesmen, he was looked upon at Paris as the distinguished author of a very definite theory on international peace.

Prince Konoye made his political début shortly after his return from Paris when he obtained a seat in the House of Peers. It was not long before he became a leader of the Kenkyukai, a powerful group in the Upper House. In the bitter fight in 1924 between the Peers, who supported the non-party Cabinet of Count Keigo Kiyoura, and the Deputies, who combated it as an enemy of parliamentary government, Prince Konoye realized the serious danger of conflict between the privileged classes and the common people and he prevailed upon the Peers to agree to a compromise before the situation reached threatening proportions. He was thirty-three years old at that time, and it was apparent that he would bear watching.

The adoption of universal manhood suffrage marked an important advance towards stronger popular government in Japan. Because of his modesty, Prince Konoye has never made capital of the fact that he was largely responsible for the reform. There is no denying that his activities behind the scenes are incessant and influential. Not a single important national issue in recent years has failed to receive his thoughtful consideration or to feel his influence before settlement. A record of his activities would be a fairly complete history of contemporary politics.

From a distance, Prince Konoye appears little more than a polished gentleman, kind and courteous. He is a statesman, however, who has the vision and will to guide Japan's destiny—a man whom the entire nation can accept as its leader.

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For the layman: an explanation of a problem that is worrying the financial experts of Europe and America.

Road *to* Stabilization

By FRÉDÉRIC JENNY

Translated from the *Temps*
Paris Semi-official Daily

THE gold controversy has now abated somewhat. The world no longer fears that the United States will reduce the price of the metal. And the fact that during two weeks in May the British Equalization Fund sold 7½ million pounds' worth of gold to the Bank of England, payable with notes issued for the purpose, seems to indicate that the recent difference of opinion between the Bank and the Treasury over the gold policy is not as serious as we were led to believe.

Nevertheless the problem of gold is still with us, and we must not permit ourselves to harbor any illusions that it is less serious than it was. The crux of the problem is not so much in the world-wide increase of gold production as—and this cannot be stressed too strongly—in the continued flow of gold into a few countries, particularly England and the United States. So far no change has been made in the direction of the flow of gold: the shipments to America, especially, have again attained their former dimensions after a temporary lapse and there is no indication that any improvement in this state of affairs will take place in the near future.

It is logical to suppose that, in view of the many uncertainties in international economy that can be traced to the gold problem, the number of those who favor the reëstablishment of normal monetary arrangements should be growing larger every day. Indeed, we find that the stabilization of the principal currencies is being agitated from all sides more and more insistently.

We are always ready to approve of any measure that is designed to guarantee monetary stability, if at the same time it provides for the security of contracts and savings bank accounts—in short, of the future. But we cannot believe for a moment that international stabilization, no matter how solemnly the governments involved might promise not to indulge

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in any more manipulation of their currencies, could succeed in solving the special problem which confronts France at the present time.

II

The reason why so many people are praying today for stabilization at present levels is that they fear monetary 'revaluation,' an idea which has recently been advanced in the international press. Among them are the representatives of the gold industry, who quite naturally protest against any lowering of the price of gold, since it would deprive them of considerable advantages. Eventually, however, they are bound to lose their temporary advantages as the rising costs of production begin to catch up with the high price of gold. There are also those people—and they are legion—who fear that a general deflation, which would occur as a result of the revaluation of the Anglo-Saxon currencies, would impede business recovery. Most of these persons are the supporters of 'controlled' money, who are afraid that the erudite theory by which they have up to now masked their inflationist motives will prove a boomerang, *i.e.* in 'controlling' money at a dear rate.

It is paradoxical that these people who once favored inflation—that is, depreciated currency—are now the most ardent supporters of stabilization. There is no reason, of course, why those who have always been awake to the dangers of currency juggling should now approve of it merely because the juggling would today take the form of revaluation rather than debasement. But the fact is that under the present circumstances stabilization could not possibly be permanent.

Back to gold. Why should gold—and not only mined gold newly thrown on the market but also a large part of the reserves that had been put into circulation—flow only to London and New York?

The first reason is that many countries, including Germany, the majority of Central and Eastern European countries, Spain and to some extent Italy, find themselves barred from the international gold market. Most of them have very little gold, which is one of the reasons why they have been forced to try to achieve self-sufficiency. They have not a sufficient amount of foreign exchange to enable them to acquire any significant quantity of the metal. Thus there is a large part of Europe where gold cannot penetrate.

The second reason can be seen in the situation of the countries into which gold is flowing. America, for example, must have bought up around 600 million dollars' worth of bullion from abroad during the first four months of this year. Once the United States was a great exporter of raw materials and an importer of manufactured goods. Today she is perhaps the greatest industrial country in the world and at the same time can sell her products at a good price. So at the present time America exports both raw materials and manufactured goods, while her domestic market is protected from foreign competition by tariffs which are in many cases prohibitive. In this way her trade balance is constantly favorable, and, since international credit is no longer functioning, the balance owing to her can be met only with gold.

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The third and not the least important reason is that, apart from countries which are economically and financially isolated from the rest of the world, there are others which have been losing money for special reasons. France is a notable example. The annual report of the Bank for International Settlements shows that in 1935 and 1936 the Bank of France saw its gold reserve decline by about $1,700,000,000, or nearly twice the value of world gold production in 1936.

The uneasiness created on the international market by the displacement of such an enormous quantity of bullion is easy to imagine.

International stabilization would not eliminate any of these three troubling factors or perceptibly lessen their disastrous effects. It would not make the countries which have controlled currencies place their money again in contact with the currencies of the other countries or enable them to find the means to replenish their more or less depleted metallic reserves. Nor would it change the United States from a creditor to a debtor Power by making it sell less and buy more. It would not alter the conditions which cause the constant exodus of gold and capital from France, a phenomenon that is more alarming than the congestion produced in the centers which must absorb her outgoing gold. In order to do away with these elements of disorder other methods must be used, methods which are outside of the field of finance.

It is not easy to prevail upon the financially self-sufficient countries to reopen their frontiers to foreign products and capital. Some of them, and not the smallest ones either, will hesitate to renounce autarchy, either because autarchy is a part of their political systems, which will be endangered by the return to a liberal economy, or because they fear that their capital, once freed from its bonds, will escape abroad and cause a sudden collapse of their monetary systems.

III

Even if these fears and hesitations should be banished, it would be necessary to supply these countries with some medium for paying their debts before they would be able to join in the economic and financial life of the world. There will be a difficult period of transition which they will be able to live through without mishap only if enough credit is extended to them.

Will the nations which already have too much gold advance it to them, and will the debtor countries be willing or able to give the necessary moral and material guarantees to assure the others that the loans will be used for rational purposes and punctually repaid?

In view of these difficulties the British economists, who have been investigating the possibility of putting the world back on a stable international standard, have proposed that the nations which still maintain a free economic system should begin by creating a 'club' which would endorse provisional stabilization. The other nations would ultimately join, as soon as they have been able to overcome the obstacles that would inevitably rise in the way of a nation changing from autarchy to liberty. The so called tripartite agreements, which

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were concluded just before the Gold Block devalued its currencies, provided that the signatories should maintain as far as possible the new balance of currencies created by the devaluation. Those agreements were considered at the time to be a great stride on the road back toward stabilization. They corresponded rather closely to the British 'club' project.

Since there has been no important change in the international situation as a result, it is hard to see what stabilization at the present time would add.

It is clear, moreover, that stabilization would mean nothing if the United States, who still is the great creditor nation, should continue to import gold and to drain the gold reserves of the rest of the world, and of Europe in particular. As long as this is the case, no durable international financial system can be devised. Before international stabilization can be seriously considered, we must know whether the United States is willing to adopt a liberal financial and credit policy and so facilitate some reasonable adjustment of her claims abroad.

This implies first of all foregoing the war claims, now a purely political sacrifice, since in reality the question of the war debts has long been dead. It also means that the United States should consent to new loans abroad, giving other countries the means to cover, at least temporarily, the remainder of their post-War and commercial debts to her. She should open her market to imports and allow foreign countries not only to pay with commodities for their purchases from the United States, but also to pay through the same medium whatever debts they may contract.

Are we justified in hoping for this change in American policy in the near future? We do hope so. For if it does not occur, the rest of the world will be forced to wait until such time as the influx of gold will raise prices overseas so high that the United States will no longer be able to hold her own against international competition.

It goes without saying that in any case such a change in economic conditions will take quite a long time; in addition, the policy of gold sterilization practiced at present by the United States is a corollary obstacle.

Finally, the constant shifting of the masses of gold and capital because of a lack of confidence also prevents the normal functioning of a regular monetary system. The fear of provoking such a shift has been used many times by Great Britain in these last few years as an argument against the return to the gold standard. Any arbitrary measures that may be used to retain gold in a country will be utterly incompatible with the principle of stabilization; nor would stabilization alone prevent the migration of gold and capital. Only a change in the economic policy of the country from which the gold and capital tend to escape can put a stop to it.

IV

Thus one is brought back to the fundamental truth: that the behavior of gold depends primarily upon the domestic situation. International stabilization, to be effective, must be based upon the well-being of the vari-

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ous national currencies, and that in turn depends upon the state of the public finances, the level of prices and the confidence existing in each country.

This consideration has a particular significance for France, whose immense loss of bullion in the past two years has been a morbid factor in the financial world. But to proceed to the stabilization of currencies before the nations in question put their respective houses in order would be putting the cart before the horse. The governments which participate in such a premature stabilization stand to witness the early collapse of their scheme.

And thus the gold problem appears in its true character. The unbalanced distribution both of the newly released bullion and of the already existing reserves and the resulting troubles are but repercussions of more deeply-rooted evils. Among these are the paralysis of trade between the nations, the division of the world into air-tight economic compartments, the attempts of certain countries to buy always more than they sell and the financial and social disorders which result from the demagogic policy of incurring expenses which nations cannot afford.

It is not the business of monetary policy to fight against these plagues. If they can be overcome the gold problem will be solved without difficulty. If not, chaos will continue and all efforts at stabilization will be futile.

No Flowers

Geneva, May, 1937

By Sagittarius

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

'Say not the struggle naught availeth!'
We still discuss the *status quo*.
Geneva's radiant sunrise paleth,
There lingers yet the afterglow.

And none the less the world advances
Piecemeal toward our peaceful goal,
Though we perceive when circumstances
Have passed beyond the League's control.

Though there be reason for dejection
In Abyssinia, Danzig, Spain,
Such instances of imperfection
Are lessons never learned in vain.

No more impatient of fruition,
Each painful setback we survive,
More constant in decomposition
Than when we thought we were alive.

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News is indistinguishable from propaganda in Germany, Italy, Russia and many other countries. The following group shows how the Nazi and Fascist régimes control their press.

Blue-Penciled News

I. What Germans Read

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich Liberal Daily

WHOEVER views the world day by day through the windows of the German press—excepting only the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—experiences a strange sense of distortion. It is with considerable difficulty that one becomes accustomed to the new proportions in which events appear through this medium.

First of all one gets a general impression that the outside world suffers much more from Bolshevism than it is willing to admit and that it is not particularly concerned to preserve peace. Foreign news dispatches, the peculiar language of which soon grows familiar, imply that Red Valencia and Moscow's influence in France and Great Britain are only the most obvious symptoms of the Bolshevik menace. That Franco is supposed to have suffered a defeat in which even Italian troops were affected is, so the reader learns, just a malicious invention of the English press. If a brilliant general like Franco retreated at all, he did so voluntarily, of course. He had merely determined to shorten his front line in order to improve his communications, a measure that was adopted even in the World War. One learns, furthermore, that the impudent Communist lies to the effect that Italy had sent volunteers to Spain after signing the Non-Intervention Pact were duly answered in the London Committee only by Germany, Italy and Portugal. The sole aim on

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the other side, asserts the German press, is to increase the general tension.

The temperamental outbursts of the Italian press toward Great Britain are reprinted at great length. This is perhaps a means of letting off steam without risk, since Germany's own feelings toward England are quite mixed. The critical voices in the English press are carefully noted. From the Nazi perspective the debates over the Spanish war in the House of Commons were futile demagogy that made Great Britain appear senile and hysterical. When there suddenly came a soothing report from Rome that England wished to see her relations toward Italy—that young, virile, self-sacrificing and disciplined nation—guided by 'reason,' everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Seen through the medium of the German press, the Spanish Civil War seems ghostly and disconnected. On the one side there is the grotesque, scheming Bolshevik pack; on the other there are only noble crusaders.

Pope Pius's Encyclical about the Catholic Church in Germany was read from all the German Catholic pulpits, and the 'grapevine' carried the news to all who cared to know. The German press, however, took no notice. It mentioned only the subsequent Encyclical in which the Pope attacked Atheism and Communism. Germany, the press commented, took grateful yet critical note of the call of the Church as befitted a nation grown strong again in its own right. Not until some days later was there an oblique reference to the anti-Nazi Encyclical, but without any detailed information. The *Deutsche Diplomatisch-Politische Korrespondenz* resented the Encyclical and rejected its thesis as untenable. The Pope's dictum was made to appear as though the Church was trying to turn German Catholics against their Government.

'The contemporaries of a Revolution,' Madame de Stael once wrote, 'frequently lose all interest in the search for truth.' That is easily explained since the contemporaries, or more accurately, the torchbearers, of a Revolution are always passionate fighters for very definite ideas. They tend to transform their environment according to those ideas. They eagerly emphasize everything in the outside world that coincides with their philosophy. That alone is truth which supports their ideas. Whatever conflicts with those ideas—what good can there be in it? It can have no significance and may even be ignored. That is why many National Socialists, even those in high stations, are firmly convinced that 'the German press is exercising the art of truthful reporting in an exemplary way.' Yes, they even recommend it to the foreign press as an example worth imitating.

II

It is questionable whether a one-track press really possesses the persuasive force its leaders attribute to it. Compared with London and Paris, conspicuously few papers are read in the subways or buses of Berlin. Perhaps this is merely a coincidence—the result of different habits. It is notable all the same. When one occasionally voices a standardized German opinion, the comment is merely—'propaganda.' That is all. During the War we in Switzerland used to say 'Havas,'

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and everyone knew immediately what was meant. Apparently propaganda has its limits even where it rules without opposition. And a certain type of perennial election campaign seems to be totally ineffective, like fireworks in the daytime, even here on this ideal soil. 'During the War I did propaganda work,' an elderly Englishman once confessed. 'We had strict orders always to tell the truth, but nobody demanded the whole truth from us!' That is propaganda at its best.

A regimented press which molds everyone to think along the same lines, where there is not the slightest inkling of self-criticism, either in domestic or in foreign affairs, has an intensely depressing effect. With even the humorous magazines limiting their jokes to Jews, grumblers or similar official scapegoats, this impression is deepened. To have some value and to fulfill their function properly the humorous papers, at least, should be permitted an occasional barb. Since the political joke can no longer fulfill its function in public, it does so covertly —and capably. At any rate, the Third Reich possesses no safety valve in its press.

German theater audiences today are conspicuously quiet. Conversation is subdued or absent. It is here that one catches a glimpse of the 'silent Germany,' the Germany which never raises its voice above a whisper in public. This silent Germany is not made of stone. It reacts in its own way, and its reactions are sometimes very revealing. A good example was the recent Berlin production of Schiller's *Don Carlos*. A ripple of applause greeted the Marquis Posa night after night when he said his famous line, 'Sire, give us freedom of thought!' In a much less significant play, dealing with the period when Germany was split up into many small States, there was a noticeable movement in the audience at the statement that Government might rule more effectively by good example than by decree. It seemed like a sudden fresh breeze ruffling the smooth surface of a lake and then vanishing. Coincidence?

At any rate there is much ruling in Germany today. Decrees are numerous, and sometimes very harsh. Even the flower peddlers on the Potsdamer Platz have a story to tell about certificates of professional fitness. Wider circles of small tradespeople do not always seem to be convinced of the necessity for the decrees. And one gets a distinct impression that the totalitarian State fails to realize the great difference between governing and commanding.

And the 'good example from above?' That is a very tender spot. There is perhaps no other single factor which has created more disappointment and hard feelings throughout all classes than the extravagant, not to say princely, style of living to which many of the Nazi party leaders have yielded and which they pursue even where it is not at all justified by their position. This luxury can hardly be reconciled with the slogan of 'Simplicity and Modesty' with which the Nazis once attacked the Social Democratic bigwigs or with their other slogan of 'Public Interest Above Private Interest.' The man in the street is a keen observer of such things. It is indeed a very delicate matter, and who is to mention it to the powerful and sensitive leaders? [See the article: 'Nazis Feather Their Nests' in THE LIVING AGE for May.]

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It is claimed that there are intelligent people in the Nazi Government who would do their best to avoid impracticable decrees and to prevent anything that might create ill feeling. That is possible. Just the same, the problem of bringing the articulate and the silent Germany together is a source of great worry to sensible Germans. An individual who is full of inhibitions and who is forced to swallow everything because he cannot or may not express himself is not always easy to handle and his reactions are sometimes surprising. Even though the totalitarian State has abolished the Opposition, the problem of opposition has not thereby been solved. Because the press tends only in one direction, uncontrolled and uncontrollable rumors often run the other way. The totalitarian State continues to be frightened by shadows and to regard all criticism as hostile and dangerous.

II. Secret Orders to Italian Editors

Translated from the *Giustizia e Libertà*, Paris Anti-Fascist Italian Weekly

[*When* Giustizia e Libertà *published previous lists of secret instructions during the Ethiopian War the Italian Propaganda Ministry ordered that in future instructions should be given orally. This proved too complicated in practice, but 'more delicate' orders are still given orally to prevent leakages, which accounts for the absence from the new instructions of all mention of the Italian defeat on the Guadalajara front or the actions of the Fascist legions in Spain.* The Editors]

JANUARY 5: Do not criticize Turkey even if she lets through Russian and Spanish warships with supplies for the Spanish Government party. . . .

January 7: Do not concern yourselves with the German attitude to naval movements in the Mediterranean.

Give plenty of space with full comments to the Italian reply on non-intervention.

January 11: Do not reproduce the Rome correspondence of the *Christian Science Monitor* on the popularity of the Minister Ciano.

Never attack Switzerland, and publish no news which might be distasteful to her Government.

January 16: Give no news of the bombardments of inhabited centers by the Spanish Nationalists, and above all deny that it is done by Italian or German aviators.

January 19: Do not reproduce the United Press report of the 'arrest' by the Reds of an Italian merchant ship in Spanish waters.

January 22: Draw attention insistently to Karkadek. [A plant grown in Libya which it is hoped can be used as a substitute for tea.]

January 25: Complete silence on the fact that the Hungarian Chief of Military Staff has been in Milan.

Disinterest yourself completely from the Fascist movement in Switzerland.

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January 29: Do not reproduce the telegrams of Signore Starace on the occasion of ordinary sporting events. . . .

February 2: Without giving a formal denial refer in speaking of the Pope's illness to the fact that the news of the forthcoming arrival of an English doctor is false. . . .

February 9: Do not describe the military situation of the Spanish 'Reds' as disastrous. Be less optimistic.

February 10: Suppress entirely the news of the acquisition of Spanish boats by the Garibaldi coöperative.

February 17: Do not give any news of:
(1) The coming of Dr. Schuschnigg to Italy;
(2) His forthcoming marriage with a society lady;
(3) His dissolution of the Austrian Fascist party.

February 20: Begin and continue a strong campaign against Czechoslovakia.

Absolute silence on the date fixed for ending the dispatch of volunteers to Spain.

February 26: Insist on the eventuality of Eden's leaving the Foreign Office. Have sent from London news of Eden's dismissal.

March 5: Do not reproduce facts about the metal reserves of the Bank of Italy published in the French papers.

Suppress entirely news of the arrival at Naples of wounded volunteers coming from Spain and transported by our hospital ships.

Make an end once for all of the stories of children running away from home to see the Duce at Rome.

March 7: Do not publish the news that the *Rex* was surprised by a terrible storm between Gibraltar and the Azores which resulted in one dead and several injured. . . .

March 12: Do not criticize the Rexist movement of Degrelle; in dealing with Belgian news comment favorably on the movement and refer to the enigmatic character of Van Zeeland.

March 17: Emphasize and give the greatest importance to the communiqué of the Government at Salamanca as to the eventual cession of Spanish Morocco by the Valencia Government to England and France.

Be sure not to give the impression that there is a suspension of military activity in Spain.

Be careful how you give the news about the girl who made an attempt on the life of M. Chambrun and who in the past frequented certain military quarters in Rome. . . .

March 31: Do not be too literal about, nor insist upon, the news of orders for ships, street work, technical missions, etc., of Turkey in Italy. It is necessary to prepare the atmosphere for an agreement and give the facts a political rather than an industrial significance. . . .

Praise the new Rumanian Ministers as against Titulescu. . . .

Consider with lively and ironic hostility the plan of a mutual assistance agreement among the Little Entente put forward by France.

Treat Yugoslavia as though she had already left the Little Entente. . . .

Take no notice of the lecture

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given by Donna Carla Alfieri at Cremona. [Signora Alfieri is Propaganda Minister.]

Do not reproduce the speeches of Queipo de Llano, which are too idiotic and far removed from realities. . . .

April 7: Dilate upon the Yagoda episode in Soviet Russia, and play up the supremacy and immorality of the adventurer Stalin. . . .

April 14: Reproduce and amplify the news of the Stefani Agency about how desirable it would be to burn the contagious quarters of London unworthy of a civilized age. Add that Edward if he had continued to reign would have provided for it. . . .

It is absolutely forbidden to reproduce from the foreign press information about the new functions that will be given to General Franco and about the replacement of Spanish generals in the High Command.

April 18: Henceforth do not publish any articles about the private life of the family of the Prince of Piedmont.

Be careful about the conflict between the Vatican and Germany and stay neutral. In any case, incline to the side of Germany but without ever reproducing news about the trials of priests accused of immorality with which the German press is full.

April 28: Take a moderate line about the equalization of salaries.

Emphasize the absolute mediocrity of Delbos, Herriot's man of straw.

Insist on the immoral character of Blum's book on marriage.

Occupy yourselves solely with the steady advance of the Spanish Nationalists on the northern front. . . .

May 6: It is absolutely forbidden to publish any articles or make any reference whatever to the British Government; limit yourselves purely to Stefani.

Emphasize the news about the big crowd at Rome for tomorrow's review.

May 10: Stress any unfortunate incident that may happen during the Coronation celebrations; disparage the importance of the political conversations in London.

Earl Baldwin of Bewdley

Mr. Baldwin has no personal enemy of whom he could not be proud.
—Harold J. Laski

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A French woman explorer tells about conditions along the African Equator.

Congolese Village

By GABRIELLE VASSAL

From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

WHAT is the typical feature of the isolated Congolese village in Equatorial Africa? No wall surrounds the group of habitations as in China, no high green bamboo hedge as in Tonking—and sometimes not even a rough palisade. The chief characteristic is perhaps its insignificance amidst the tremendous, still unruled forces of nature.

All form, all color seem absent. You come upon it by surprise, though you are being led to it. Neither smoke nor any sign of cultivation proclaims its existence.

Hut walls of plaited raffia or some similar fibrous plant are held up by rough poles made from tree trunks. Inside they are lined with a mixture of mud and clay. The roof, slightly slanting, is simply covered with the same long leaves laid one on top of the other, with nothing but heavy pieces of wood to keep them in place. That the roof should be water-tight is the great preoccupation of the Congolese. They hate getting wet, and the rain here is less often a shower than a deluge.

Other huts look like shapeless balls of dry leaves, with just a little opening through which a man can crawl—no improvement on the dwellings of the pygmies. The village chief's hut sometimes boasts a conical roof—almost a correct circle slanting down from the center, comparing quite favorably with the well-constructed huts in Ubangi-Chari.

I am describing a village of the Congo Basin, where the civilizing influence of the French, Belgians and Portuguese has not yet been able to make itself felt. These three countries, whose colonies in Equatorial Africa are several times as large as their own lands, are up against great difficulties in their work of penetration, for nature here is hostile, sleeping sickness and other diseases are endemic, and great districts are very sparsely populated.

Communications are still deficient, many villages possessing no road. And

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if they did, who could use it? Neither buffalo, ox nor horse exists, for the tsetse fly, which carries sleeping sickness from man to man, gives a similar disease to domestic animals. Nor, of course, is there any mechanical device for ploughing or transport.

You will naturally deduce that all traffic, all communication, is done by water. The mighty Congo, the fourth largest river in the world, is not far off. Alas, the currents are too strong for the frail native *pirogues* which are simply the scooped-out trunks of trees without keel or rudder. This torrent of water is not an even flow. It displaces sandbanks, digging new channels; it roots up huge trees which, often hidden beneath the surface, catch the unwary.

What is worst of all, for six months in the year it does not remain in its bed at all, but spreads out over the country on either side till it is sometimes four times its ordinary width. Huts cannot therefore be built on its banks for long distances, and even when two or three kilometers away they may be inundated for days or weeks at a time.

I sometimes saw villages where the inhabitants had all taken to their *pirogues*. If the water was not more than two feet deep, they were able to push the boat under the roof of the hut, and, huddled together at the end, they could find shelter from the elements.

I remember my utter astonishment when, the first time I accompanied my husband up the Congo from Brazzaville, I noticed a group of natives who seemed to be hurrying toward our boat, brandishing poles or sticks. They were rowing, standing-up, and the poles were oars. All the brushwood and trees which I had imagined were growing out of the hard earth were under a foot of water!

II

In the dry season the life of the village is not quite so desperate. Not that one hears sounds of work or play as one approaches. We visited one of these isolated communities carried in *tipoyes*. We met nobody on the little greasy path, and patches of meager *manioc* submerged by undergrowth were the only sign of humanity as we approached the village. Within sight of the first huts we caught a glimpse of a woman snatching up her baby and, bending low, disappearing into the darkness of her dwelling; but in the middle of the village not a human soul was in sight. Our interpreter called and shouted, and finally a man appeared on the threshold of a hut and approached us. His loin-cloth was a skin, of which the greater part hung behind. His staff and the necklace of blue uneven stones round his neck proclaimed him as the village chief.

His bearing was upright, but a few hairs on his chin and his very wrinkled skin showed he had reached an age somewhat rare for a Congolese. Our smiles found no echo nor did the box of matches or cigarettes change his expression of suspicion. A few yards of colored print for the wives, a tin of lump-sugar for the children, certainly found favor, but when we asked through an interpreter if we might see those for whom they were destined, no answering nod came back. It was safety pins that did it! Perhaps he heard shuffling behind the wall of the hut, and knew that his womenfolk were no longer afraid to show themselves.

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Out they came, and soon we had seen the score or so of inhabitants who composed the village.

I managed to get a glimpse of the inside of one of the huts. It contained no bed, no mosquito curtain, no instruments for digging or cooking—all I could see were a few calabashes and raffia baskets. Their *manioc*, the staple food of the natives, came already cooked from a district two days' journey away. Forest, swamp and continual inundations make cultivation almost impossible on the Congo's banks.

In the darkness of the hut I had noticed that one-half was a little raised above the hard mud floor. This was the bed of the household, and to act as a mosquito curtain, as their cloths cannot cover them entirely, they make a screen of smoke which protects them to a certain extent.

Families never settle down for the night before lighting a fire, which is sometimes inside and sometimes just outside the hut. They lie in groups, and as near the flame as possible. Burns on arms or legs may quite frequently be noticed. Men working in a camp and prevented from procuring the customary means of lighting their fire will burn the mat which has been given them to sleep on.

Smoke plays another rôle in their life. They use it as a means of intoxication! They cannot buy European liquors of any sort, and are severely punished if discovered in the branches of a palm tree drinking the sap which is their favorite means of intoxication. This is a luxury the village chiefs reserve for themselves—an extravagant one, for it kills the palm tree. It often kills the tipplers, too, as, when dazed and drunk, they are liable to fall some twenty feet to the ground. The only drug, then, for the ordinary man is smoke. He swallows it at intervals, but sometimes continues to gulp it down till he is unconscious and cannot be revived.

One day I caught sight of a particularly well-made basket some two feet square, which seemed to have a brass and wood lid. I asked our interpreter what it was. He said he did not know, and that it would anger the natives greatly if he or I went into the hut to examine it.

It was only much later that I knew I had seen a *mongolo*, the flat ornament which adorns the skull basket. The families of some tribes dry the skulls of their ancestors and keep them. We brought back from French Congo several of these *mongolos*. The brass is in the form of a face with slits for eyes, nose and mouth, and an angular wooden frame surrounds it, coming up to a point above the face.

III

Our picnic meal had so interested the village group that they began to approach us more freely. We were a little astonished, on giving a woman the remains of a bottle of wine, to see her smell it, turn it upside down, and, when the last drop had trickled on to the ground, scuttle back to her hut in triumph with the empty bottle. Finally, the chief wished to make *us* a present. He pointed out one of their skinny fowls, and forthwith his wives started to chase after it.

Women are merchandise sold by the parents, bought by the husbands. The chief may have several wives, the other men one or sometimes none. This fact was brought home to me in

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my early days in Equatorial Africa. My rickshaw coolie looked so jubilant one day that I asked him:—

'Why so happy?'

'Me bought wife.'

'Married now, lucky man.'

'No married. Buy wife small, quite young—much cheaper.'

'Well? What use is that?' I said.

'Me wait, wait long time.'

A chief often takes possession of several girls as they reach maturity, but after a year or two, if no good for hoeing the *manioc* field or crushing the palm nuts for oil, he passes them on to someone else.

Before leaving a village one day, we asked our interpreter which was the fetish-man. We knew that every Congolese village had its fetish-man—its witch-doctor, whose prestige was still greater than that of the chief. He glanced at us uneasily and said he did not know. We told him to ask the chief. The attitude of our new friends changed immediately. Hostile and suspicious glances were showered on us, and finally the answer came that there was no fetish-man belonging to this village.

My husband, examining a small boy, and admiring the tattoo design on his chest, asked who had done it. (The man who is cleverest at tattooing and the fetish-man are often the same person.) But again no answer.

Not only in the Congo Basin but throughout Equatorial Africa the whole population is tattooed, and the origin of a native can often be deduced from the shape of his cuts or pinpricks. The operation is performed as a rule when a child is between five and ten (the dust of cinders or rubber is introduced into every little wound to raise the skin as it heals) and the designs on face, chest and back are often like lace-work or fine cross-stitch patterns.

One may live in Equatorial Africa for years, watching the occupations of the village, trying to teach the inhabitants and help them shake off their indifference and apathy to every-day necessities, and never discover that their minds are absorbed, not in the tornadoes, the flooding of their homes or how to procure the next day's food, but in a mystical world of which no sign is visible.

They are asking themselves: 'To what animal is such-and-such a neighbor related? I am a man bird; if he is a man leopard, what chance have I against him?' 'Which plant brought life to my ancestors?' The thoughts of the adolescent are wrapped up in the secret society to which he will soon be admitted to receive his sexual initiation.

The girls are meditating on the operation to which they will willingly submit, for only then are they marriageable. If they hesitate at the last moment to undergo such suffering and risk death, their mothers will urge them on.

All the forces of Nature are adverse to man, and yet, instead of fighting against them, he continues the customs of his ancestors, which make life still more unbearable. Some secret societies detain their young men for months, others for years. Starving and flagellations are more or less severe. The idea underlying these traditions, as in the religions of civilized races, is to subdue the flesh and bring forth courage, endurance and other moral qualities.

For the Congolese, nothing is natural. A tornado, an epidemic, an inun-

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dation are the fault of one of their community. The fetish-man consults the spirits of the air or of the forest, and designates, after ceremonies of proof, the author of the public calamity.

These fêtes and ceremonies, when the tom-toms are brought out, put the villagers into a state nearing hysteria, and sometimes end in the death of one of their number. There are all kinds of proofs and ordeals—plunging into water, passing through fire—but the method of obtaining victims which finds the greatest favor is the proof of poison. The fetish-man will assemble a small group—perhaps one member of several families—and into each man's or woman's calabash he will pour a liquid which looks like water. One of them contains poison, and that man dies, sometimes in horrible suffering.

But occasionally the 'proof' is still more diabolical. The fetish-man will also pour a little poison into the drink of one or two others. These, within a few hours, are overcome by sickness and are therefore 'proved' to be the dead man's accomplices. They must commit suicide! Administrators had often mentioned cases of suicide in their reports, but no great importance was attached to the fact, because the Congolese seem so indifferent to life.

But once three suicides in the same village so astonished a young French administrator that he set to work to find out the reason. He discovered that their deaths were due to the command of the fetish-man who had 'proved' their guilt. They had evidently made no attempt to escape their fate!

When roads bring these isolated villages into contact with the rest of the colony, the superhuman efforts of administrators and doctors will be more effective. With sufficient food and the stamping out of disease, the power of the fetish-man will vanish.

Two Prophets

Mahomet and Ludendorff have several things in common. Both have founded religions. Both have been aided by their wives. Mahomet's mission was facilitated by the wealth of Kadidja, Ludendorff's by editorial abilities of his wife. Both received decisive visits: Mahomet in Medina, where the Archangel urged him to deliver his message; Ludendorff in that Bavarian villa where he was entrusted with a mission by the man whom the German Faith Movement regards as a representative of God.

—*Osservatore Romano*, Rome

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Three unrelated short pieces on: the secret disposal of the 'body;' the personal tragedy of Chela Bhan; and the proper way to poach for hares.

Hodgepodge

I. Corpus Delicti

By F. Sherwood Taylor

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

WHEN Dorian Gray murdered Basil Hallward, he knew at once that the disposal of the corpse in the locked room was no task for his exquisite fingers. Fortunately he knew a secret about the man of science, Alan Campbell, which was so discreditable that the latter consented to destroy the corpse. Said he:—

'Is there a fire in the room upstairs?'

'Yes, there is a gas-fire with asbestos.'

'I shall have to go home and get some things from the laboratory.'

Dorian Gray would have none of this and sent his valet.

'After ten minutes a knock came to the door, and the servant entered carrying a large mahogany chest of chemicals, with a long coil of steel and platinum wire and two rather curiously shaped iron clamps.'

After five hours of work Campbell completed his task.

'As soon as Campbell had left he went upstairs. There was a horrible smell of nitric acid in the room. But the thing which had been sitting at the table was gone.'

Since the days when I believed *The Picture of Dorian Gray* to be the high-water mark of English fiction, I have wondered how Campbell did it. Nitric acid is an admirable agent: a mouse boiled in it for a few minutes is converted into a transparent pale-yellow solution. But how did Alan get enough nitric acid to boil Basil? And what did he do with the coils and the curiously-shaped clamps?

The problem of the murderer who has been imprudent enough to find himself burdened with a corpse whose existence is proof of his crime is one which has presented itself to many writers of the detective novels which enjoy such deserved popularity today. It may be stated—a little crudely—

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thus. It is required to resolve about 120 lbs. of protein, fat and bone into matter unrecognizable as having formed part of a human body. There are, moreover, at least three essential conditions. The operation is to be performed single-handed, without attracting attention, and within a few days.

It is doubtful whether the problem has ever been solved in practice. Looked at as a chemical operation, it involves the conversion of protein, fat and bone—calcium phosphate—into an unorganized condition. It is best that the final product should be gas or liquid, which will become utterly lost in the air or the sewer respectively. The simplest means of destruction is fire, used with some success by Landru; but, unless very powerful and large fires, as of a steam-boiler, are available, it is very difficult to complete the combustion, and the smell of burning is such as to lead to detection. The four or five pounds of ash which are left contain far more phosphates than that from any wood or coal; and, as Landru found, metal objects, dentures, &c., may survive the fire.

The extraordinary criminal, Herman Webster Mudgett, alias H. H. Holmes, who equipped a 'castle' in Sixty-third and Wallace Streets, Chicago, for the purpose of murder, had a private crematorium of a most efficient type. Such luxuries are not a fair solution of the murderer's problem. Given a crematorium or heated furnace-chamber, cremation followed by dissolving of the ashes in hydrochloric acid and the flushing of the liquid down the drains, would be admirable practice; always provided that fragments of gold and porcelain from dentures were strained off and later dropped into the sea from a Channel steamer.

Caustic alkalis and strong acids will do the work as well as fire, and without the tell-tale odor of burning. Strong acids are difficult to manipulate, because it is hard to obtain any vessel at once proof against their corrosion, capable of being heated and large enough to contain a body. The use of alkalis is simpler, and in 1897 the Chicago sausage-maker Luetgert nearly solved the problem. He bought 750 lbs. of caustic potash, much used for making soft soap, and imprudently enough caused an employee to break it up. He put the potash and his murdered wife in a vat, used for coloring sausages, and blew in steam from a boiler.

The strong solution of caustic potash dissolved the whole body, except the bones, to a brown liquid. The bones he broke up and burned in the steam-boiler's furnace. But, like most murderers, he failed in matters of detail. He did not conceal his unusual actions from the night-watchman and did not empty the vat. In it were found a few recognizable human bones and two tell-tale rings; the ashes from the furnace also contained recognizable fragments of human bone. In France an attempt was recently made to destroy a body by immersion in sulphuric acid. It failed because the action of the acid, if unheated, is slow and partial.

II

Having said so much, I cannot decline the inevitable challenge to solve the problem myself for the benefit of future weavers of the fiction of crime. Here, then, is my solution. If I ever

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decided to take to murder, I would prefer to use my professional powers of synthesizing poisons which would baffle the very moderate resources of the analyst, rather than to attempt the revolting butcher's work of destroying a body. But if destruction there must be, I ask for a reasonably small cadaver, and a house with a gas-copper, and main drainage. I need a minimum of forty-eight hours undisturbed. I also suppose myself to have a complete indifference to corpses, acquired, let us say, by years in the post-mortem room.

As soon as I have committed the murder, I lay the corpse in the bath. I at once drive in my own car to London or a neighboring town. I buy at an oil-and-color merchants a hundredweight drum of flake caustic soda. From my chemical retailers I buy a piece of wire gauze, some rubber tubing, and four quarts of nitric acid. The purchase excites no attention, as I am known as a chemist. I also purchase a whetstone, a very large casserole and some string. I ligature the limbs, each in two places, to prevent effusion of much blood and, leaving the corpse in the bath with cold water running, I sever the limbs between the ligatures, with a sharp knife and a hacksaw. I eviscerate the trunk and cut it into four pieces. I also split the skull. The blood is so diluted by running water that no deposit is made.

Meanwhile I have put half the caustic soda in the copper and just covered it with water. The heat of solution causes the liquid to boil. I light the gas under the copper, and introduce the limbs one by one. As soon as the flesh of each limb has dissolved, I remove the larger bones with tongs, wash them and break them into fragments.

Meanwhile I have half-filled the casserole with concentrated nitric acid and heated it on a gas-ring set up in a fireplace. I add the bone fragments one at a time to the hot nitric acid, whereupon they rapidly dissolve, the fumes passing up the chimney with the hot air. As each lot of acid becomes exhausted, I pour it down the toilet, after diluting it in a slop pail with 30 times its bulk of water, so making it too dilute to attack the pipes. When dissolving the jawbone I take care to collect the gold tooth-fillings and put them in my waistcoat-pocket. Finally I dissolve my overalls and the victim's clothes in the hot caustic soda solution. The liquid left in the copper I ladle down the drains, running the taps all the while. Any residue of small bones, buttons, etc. left in the copper—the wire gauze has its uses here—is dissolved in the casserole of nitric acid. The copper, sink, bath and casserole are carefully washed, and the rooms cleaned up. I now cook myself a hearty meal in the kitchen and have a good hot bath, so accounting for the disturbed state of the rooms.

The empty drum of caustic soda, the acid bottles and the casserole are taken in the car to my laboratory, where there are many others of the same kind. Here I dissolve the gold tooth fillings in *aqua regia*, grind the porcelain false teeth in an iron mortar and dissolve them in hydrofluoric acid in a leaden dish. The body is now converted into liquid and gaseous matter and is wholly unrecognizable. *Quod erat faciendum.*

But the process is not really to be recommended. Something would go

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wrong somewhere, for a new chemical technique can rarely be learned by less than two or three attempts. With the exception of the virtuosi, such as Landru and H. H. Holmes, few of us commit enough murders to become adept in the art of concealing them. Perhaps it is just as well.

II. Indian Schoolmaster

By Dharam Yash Dev

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THE village school stands isolated from the mud houses and thatched cottages. A brick wall, nearly six feet high, surrounds it and separates the 'house of knowledge' from the rustic world outside.

A little doorway, closed by two wooden doors, opens into the courtyard. The doors are carved with geometrical shapes—triangles, squares, pentagons and octagons. Circles are inserted here and there between these angular figures. Inside the courtyard there are a couple of old trees.

The school opens when the shadow of the school wall is about six yards long and the sun is above the big tree. The school time-table is regulated by the length of the shadows and the position of the sun. There are no clocks or watches.

Long before the sun reaches the top of the big tree the scholars start gathering outside the brick wall. The monitor goes to the teacher's house to get the keys and lets the boys in.

The teacher, Chela Bhan, acts as the village postmaster too. Whenever anyone wishes to have a letter sent, he comes to the school. Chela Bhan tears a sheet out of a notebook and writes the letter which the loving father or fond mother dictates. The postman from the Big Town comes every Saturday and takes away all the letters that Chela Bhan has written and stored during the week.

The school is crowded on the day the postman arrives. A few villagers have their sons in the army and they live in far-off lands. Their letters are eagerly awaited. Teacher Chela Bhan is the only person who can read all the letters. Whenever a mother gets a letter from her son or a lonely young wife gets a letter from her husband they have always got some presents for Chela Bhan. Some home-made sweets or lumps of *gur* (a kind of brown sugar) are always hidden behind their shawls.

Teacher Chela Bhan officiates for the village priest whenever he is away or ill. He attends the village temple and reads out from the holy books and preaches the sermon.

At noon, when the sun is right above the head, and the walls are casting no shadows, the children have an hour's recess. Chela Bhan goes to sleep. The children roll about on the floor or go out and lie under the trees in the courtyard. After siesta there is some more reading or writing and then the students go home for their afternoon meals. Chela Bhan sends one of the boys to his home to bring some food for him. All the seven scholars of the senior section have to do it in turns, and there is a keen competition

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amongst them. Not only do they wish to please Chela Bhan, but they are very fond of his wife, who always feeds them well before they return with Chela Bhan's food.

As the shadows grow longer, and the sun has passed the village pond, the students' voices grow louder. The busy day is coming to an end. With a big noise the students try to impress Chela Bhan with the fact that they have learned the 'tables.' It is time for them to go home. When the cows are returning from the fields and the shadow of the western wall is crossing the eastern wall the school day comes to an end. The students are packing their books and pens in their satchels. Chela Bhan is busy shutting the windows of the schoolroom. One by one they say good night and disappear out of the little doorway in the brick wall.

Chela Bhan is left all alone to lock the school door. He has been doing that for nearly ten years. But he will not have to do it for very long now. In a few days a new teacher is coming from the Big Town. He is a young man of twenty and is 'properly educated.'

Chela Bhan never went to school. He was educated by the village priest, and long before the village school was built Chela Bhan used to teach in the village temple.

Chela Bhan's teaching career is coming to an end. The 'Government' has decided to take charge of the village school and appoint a person who will be able to teach English.

Chela Bhan has locked the main door and takes his way homeward. In the village square he sees some of his pupils playing and running. He thinks of their new teacher. Will they take to him? Will they like him? Will he understand them and they him?

Chela Bhan is sad.

Three years ago he went to the Big Town for a day. There he heard some Baboos and Munshies speaking English. 'Git mit, git mit, git mit'—that was what it sounded like to him.

He thinks of his own students learning English. Will they too become Baboos and talk 'Git mit, git mit'? Will they too begin to dress like the Baboos and the Sahib?

He sees a couple of his pupils in loincloths chasing a donkey. He sees them jump on the beast's back. Now they are happy. They are shouting, they are singing.

What will they look like when dressed like the Sahib . . .?

Chela Bhan pauses for a few seconds. He is sad. He sees the cows returning home. He sees the shepherd driving his flock. He hears the bleating of a calf in the distance, and he hurries home because it is milking-time. . . .

III. The Homeless One

By Dan Russell

From the *Saturday Review*, London Tory Weekly

THE grass was drenched and gray with the early morning dew. In the hedges the spiders' webs shimmered and glistened as though hung with diamonds. A few feet above the fields hung a faint suggestion of mist. Al-

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ready the sun had cleared the horizon and was warming the countryside with its life-giving rays. Soon both mist and dew would be gone and the earth would be basking in the warmth of early summer.

Across the big grass field lolloped a hare. She moved with rapid ease, yet there was about her a suggestion of wariness and timidity. Her long, black-tipped ears were laid back to catch the slightest sound and her delicate nostrils worked constantly as if to ascertain what dangerous scents were in the air. Every now and then she halted in her progress and leaped to one side. It seemed that there was no reason for this strange behavior but, in reality, it was actuated by stern necessity. That sideways leap broke her trail and a fox or stoat trailing her would have difficulty in regaining her line.

Across the field she came to within a few yards of the boundary fence, and there she paused. But though she was hungry she made her toilet before eating a mouthful of the sweet grass. Her feet and legs were sopping wet and she dried them carefully, for she loathed wet fur. Very carefully she groomed her brownish fur until she was satisfied with her appearance. Then she settled down to break her fast. Even in her eating she was still cautious and after every few mouthfuls sat up to listen intently and sniff the air.

She breakfasted without interruption and as soon as her meal was finished she loped away over the field in the direction from which she had come. Her journey was not a long one, for only three fields away was the large ploughed ground where she made her home, or rather where she spent most of her time, for the hare makes no home in the real meaning of the word. No burrow or den has the timid hare, only a form or squatting-place in the open fields where she crouches at the mercy of the elements. In rain, snow or frost the hare is always above ground. No weapons has she, either of offense or defense. Her only refuge lies in her prodigious speed and her ability to twist and turn when pursued. It is, indeed, no wonder that she is one of the most timid creatures of the wild.

She galloped down a furrow and reached her form and crouched. Immediately she disappeared from sight. So well did she blend with the soil that it was almost impossible to detect her outline. Only her brilliant, protuberant brown eyes, like jewels shining in the furrow, betrayed her. This, too, was part of Nature's scheme for her protection. As long as she remained motionless and pressed close to the earth a man might pass within two yards and never see her.

The sun came up and the ploughed ground steamed in the heat. The hare remained still and took her rest. Her eyes were glassy, for she was dozing, but when she heard a gate slam far off she was instantly awake and alert though she did not move but pressed herself even closer to the earth of the furrow.

A little, nondescript man walked down the field path. He sauntered slowly along, seemingly oblivious to all that was around him, but whenever he came to a furrow he ducked down and gave a swift glance along it. The little man was quite a good poacher and he knew that the best way to spot a squatting hare is to bend low and get her silhouetted against the sky

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line. Even then it requires a practiced eye to tell whether it is a hare or a clod of earth. The man would make no mistake; he had caught too many hares to make any error.

Very slowly he walked, and the hare watched him with fearful eyes. As long as he did not stop or check his speed she would not be alarmed, but would think he had not seen her. He came to the furrow where she lay and his keen eyes instantly detected her.

He gave no sign that he was aware of her but as he walked he took off his coat and hat. With a rapid movement he stuck his walking stick into the soft earth and hung the garments upon it and left them there. The hare fixed her attention upon the strange, motionless thing on the footpath. Did it threaten danger, or was it harmless? She paid no heed to the man as he walked on, but sniffed the air in an effort to catch a scent from the hat and coat. It was, she decided, a thing which obviously threatened her, but as it did not draw near she contented herself by freezing to the ground and watching it.

The poacher walked on for some three hundred yards. Never by a turn of his head did he show that he had seen the hare. But when he came to the end of the field he struck off across the furrows. Very cautiously and quietly he walked towards the hare's form. He knew that all her attention would be concentrated on his coat and stick and that she would not be heeding anything that approached her from behind.

On he crept. Now he could see her, but she did not see him. Nearer he came until he was but a bare two yards away; still the creature did not move. He bent his body and tensed himself to spring and fall upon her. Just as he did so someone spoke behind him.

'What bist doin' of? Zun-bathin'?'

The poacher cursed and wheeled round to see the keeper standing in the path. The hare realized her danger and was up and away with a flirt of her long hind-legs. The man walked sheepishly over and donned his hat and coat and, shepherded by the keeper, left the field. But before evening the homeless one was back. She lay very still on the cold earth and waited for the coming of the cloaking night so that she could satisfy her day-old hunger.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

AS OTHERS SEE US

A debate among the students at Melbourne University over the question: 'Do We Regret American Influence?' produced some interesting arguments *pro* and *con*. Those opposed to American influence contended that:—

1. America has admittedly contributed luxuries to the world, yet has done nothing to raise the standards of intellectual and cultural life.

2. America has set up money as criterion, and 'get rich quick' as dogma.

3. America has ignored the potential possibilities of the moving pictures and has used it to exploit the low instincts of the people.

Yet America also had some defenders who advanced the following points:

1. America has taken the lead in technical inventions and applied science.

2. America's amazing vitality and enthusiasm in both work and play must be admired.

3. America has compensated for her boasting by her integrity and energy; besides—other countries have produced pictures which are inferior.

A vote taken at the end of the debate showed that the defenders of America had won—that American influence upon the rest of the world was not, after all, to be regretted.

—*Pester Lloyd*, Budapest

THANKS TO THE FÜHRER

Father comes home. Nobody is there. He finds a note on the table: 'Am at the National-Socialist Women's League. Will be back late. Mother.'

He, too, places a note on the table: 'Am at a Party Group meeting. Shall be back late. Father.'

Fritz, the son, comes home next. He leaves a note, saying: 'We drill tonight. Won't be back till the small hours. Fritz.'

Hilde, the daughter, leaves the last note: 'Night gathering at the Girls' League. Hilde.'

When the father got back at 2 o'clock in the morning, he found that the apartment had been completely ransacked by burglars. On the table lay a fifth note: 'We owe this opportunity to our Führer. Heil Hitler! The Burglars.'

—*Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris

MOTHER GOOSE RETOLD

By The Same Old Goose

[*An important feature of the defense programs of other countries is to insure the military preparedness of the child mind. Surely we in England owe it to our children to see that they have equal advantages in this regard with the children of other nations. In order that there may be no undue delay in the carrying out of this measure, a tentative beginning has been made below.*]

Rockaby baby,
Ma will re-arm,
Pa's got his gas-mask on,
No cause for alarm.

Rockaby baby,
The door is gas-proof.
If the bomb falls,
It will go through the roof.

Ride a fine plane
Over to Spain
To see how the ladies and babies are slain.
With bullets and bombshells and bayonets too,
They shall be butchered whatever they do.

What are little Nazis made of?
Spies and lies and terrible guys.
That's what little Nazis are made of.

What are little Fascists made of?
Blusters and musters that only disgust us.
That's what little Fascists are made of.

What are little Bolshies made of?
Grander and grander and grander propaganda.
That's what little Bolshies are made of.

And—

What are little Englishmen made of?
Morals and laurels and other folks' quarrels,
Speechers and preachers and into-the-breachers,
And of course there's a leaven of favor from heaven.
And that's what little Englishmen are made of.

—*Time and Tide*, London

A NAZIFIED ENCYCLOPEDIA

The first volume of the new edition of the 'Meyer' Encyclopedia has just appeared, edited and corrected Nazi fashion. The official

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organ of the Storm Troops speaks of this work as the best literary reference book of National Socialism. There is no doubt that the troopers participated in the manufacturing of this encyclopedia, in which the lay reader may find some sensational information. One learns, for example, that Chancellor Dollfuss was assassinated on October 3, 1933, by a Marxist named Durtil! Other extracts:

'The people play a greater rôle in National Socialist elections than they were permitted to in the old parliamentary elections or than they enjoy in the elections of any other country.'

'The Old Testament may be considered the Jewish Bible. Outside of its peculiarly Jewish character, we can find in the Old Testament traces of oriental legends and myths which had been simply plagiarized by the Jews.'

'Elizabeth Bergner is a Jewish actress who exhibits false emotions when she plays Shakespearean rôles.'

—*Marianne*, Paris

THOSE PERVERSE IRISH

For eight hundred years Irishmen have fought against the great English landowners who oppressed them. Now they have sent a brigade to help General Franco fight for the great Spanish landowners.

—Liam O'Flaherty

MODEST HERMANN

Our Four-Year-Plan is based on two factors: coal and intelligence. We have an unlimited amount of both.

—General Göring

FOOTING THE BILL

The crashing noise made by jolly young Nazis plugging along hard roads in their heavily-nailed boots has, for some time, been music in good German ears.

Now Professor Scheade, a foot specialist, speaking at Frankfort, says that this habit is the chief cause of spinal weakness and has resulted in 50 per cent of young Germans having abnormal feet.

—*Daily Herald*, London

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN

'Every Arab is a German at heart,' says a Moroccan proverb. This shows with whom the Moors' sympathies really lie. It explains why the Moroccan volunteers are filling the ranks of Franco's army in such numbers. The Moroccan has a tendency to class all Europeans either among the godless Communists or among the believing Fascists, among whom are the Germans. The enthusiasm of the Arabs for the Third Reich is not, as one might think, the effect of German propaganda. No, it comes from the heart. The Arabs are happy whenever they get hold of a Swastika, or whenever they have a chance to give a Hitler salute, in defiance of some nearby French official.

—*National-Socialistischer Kurier*, Stuttgart

HIERARCHY

Public conveniences erected in the Abbey for Coronation Day reflect neatly the quaint distinctions of British social life. Those for the male sex were marked: Peers, Gentlemen, Men; while others were labeled: Peeresses, Ladies, Women.

—*Daily Mirror*, London

SPORTS AND SPIES

In the *Deutscher Radfahrer*, one of the official organs of the Reich Organization for Athletics, the following orders were given to German sportsmen traveling abroad:

'Observe roads and paths, villages and towns, characteristic steeples and other conspicuous spots so that you do not forget them. Impress upon yourself the names of places, rivers, lakes, mountain ranges and mountains. Perhaps some day you will be able to utilize this knowledge for the benefit of your country. You should enjoy examining the structure and material of bridges. Learn how to estimate the width of rivers and determine whether they can be forded and whether you would be able to find them in the darkness.'

—*Freiheit-Korrespondenz*, Mülhausen

ARYAN MONOPOLY

The Commissar for Jewish Culture in Germany, Hans Hinkel, has just forbidden Jewish musicians to perform the works of Beethoven, Mozart and other great German Gentile composers. This ban applies not only to public concerts, but also to family performances.

—*Lumière*, Paris

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Soviet Writers in Disgrace

A WRITER in Soviet Russia has always been a privileged person. Anxious to foster a revolutionary literary tradition, the Soviet Government was willing to pay for it handsomely. The writer could draw on the 'Literary Fund' of 12 million a year granted to the Writers' Union if he was in need. He was sometimes given a car for his own use, or, if tired, he was invited to visit literary sanatoria in Yalta, where he could create under the best possible conditions. The Soviet Government paid out gladly, without inquiring about the distribution of the money. It demanded only that the writers should produce.

Lately, however, things have changed somewhat. Following the Trotski trials, the Government looked inside the gilded palaces of the Soviet literary geniuses and found shocking waste and abuse. It became doubly disillusioned when Trotskiites were found within the Writers' Union —a discovery that almost disrupted the whole publishing business in Russia and put many critics in a very awkward position. Where formerly there had been only vague hints that Soviet authors were not giving their all in the return for the bountiful treatment they enjoyed, there were now pointed attacks. The authors were accused of being lazy and of reprinting instead of writing; of using stereotyped characters when there was such a wealth of types to choose from. 'Give us,' said one commentator, 'the real warm-blooded Stakhanovite, instead of the smug, smirking puppet we've been getting! Give us the real Soviet woman!'

The Writers' Union fidgeted nervously under this barrage. Its organ, the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, began to harangue the boys. Its meetings were conducted in a strained atmosphere. Some of the members bowed before the inevitable and mounted the rostrum to confess their sins ingenuously, admitting that they had not been doing their best; in fact there was an epidemic of confessions, one of the most eminent penitents being Alexei Tolstoi, perhaps the most important writer of historical fiction in Russia. Others adopted the no less effective expedient of pointing out the errors of their colleagues which the latter had forgotten to mention in their confessions. On the whole there was much self-criticism, criticism of others and plain backbiting.

At a recent conference of the Soviet Writers held in Moscow, Evgenii Petrov (one of the famous humorist team of Ilf and Petrov, now dissolved by Ilf's untimely death) delivered a sharply critical speech on the Soviet literary profession. Full of common sense and wit, the speech was like a refreshing breeze in the rather morbid atmosphere of the conference. *Pravda* and *Izvestia* hailed it as one of the soundest ever made 'within these portals,' and even the émigré *Poslednie Novosti* commented favorably.

Petrov was probably the first writer to admit the venal character of the writing profession as a whole. He cited the then celebrated case of Khalfin—an enterprising youth who called himself a leader of the 'literary brigade for collecting materials on Stakhanovites of the oil industry,' and on that pretext got a cool two thousand rubles in cash from the Central Oil Trust. Petrov exclaimed:—

'Only think of it! This impostor Khalfin did not pose as an ear, nose and throat specialist, as an aviator to the Arctica, a professor of history and geography or a parachute jumper. Not at all. He posed as a writer. The resourceful youth did that because he figured readily

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that the easiest way of getting money is to call oneself a writer!'

Proceeding to a more serious analysis of the situation, he said:—

'A legend has been created which is somewhat humiliating for the writing profession as a whole but which, I regret to say, is not unfounded in fact. It is a legend about a literary Eldorado, a wondrous land where country houses, bonuses, and royalties fall into the authors' laps like manna from heaven, and where, last but not least, a fame which exceeds that of Tolstoy and Flaubert rolled into one awaits the happy writer. And to this wondrous land countless impostors like Khalfin can be seen running with outstretched hands, with their tongues hanging out.

'Now we say this to you on behalf of our Russian literature: love the Russian authors, read them, respect them, tell your children to respect and read them but please do not play Mæcenas. Literature is a very serious business and cannot exist solely on financial support.

'Our literature is suffering because of too many inflated reputations, created through the inability of many critics and editors to distinguish a true work of art from rubbish. A regular list of accepted "geniuses" is kept in the offices of the Writers' Union, to be consulted by publishing houses. This list has very little connection with reality.

'When a writer with that kind of reputation announces that he has finished a new manuscript, he is immediately besieged by several publishing houses at once. Even before the reader sees the book, the critics have already raised a monotonous, laudatory storm over it.

'Their praises betray a deplorable lack of originality: the book belongs either in the "iron inventory" or in the "golden fund" of our literature, and if it fits into neither of the categories, they say that it fills a "hiatus." Of course no mention whatsoever is made of exactly what sort of artistic treasures are filling this hiatus.

'At last, after the customary six months' delay, the book comes out and is immediately swallowed by all the libraries. It disappears from the bookstore shelves in one day. And how can it be otherwise? How can any conscientious citizen help buying this book when all the critics have stated categorically that it is either in the "iron inventory" or the "golden fund?" The librarian must have nerves of steel or at least Stendhal's taste to refrain from ordering such a book. Of course his nerves are ordinary human nerves; nor is his taste outstanding. So the librarian obtains at least fifteen copies of the new book for his patrons and lovingly places them on the shelf. That same day the shelf is empty.

'Everybody rejoices. The author is convinced that his masterpiece will be read by millions of readers. The publisher rubs his hands, feeling that he has made a good commercial transaction: sold his goods without a leftover. The writer, who is no fool, suggests that the publisher sign a contract for the new edition of his book; the publisher, who is not a fool either, happily consents. Why not? Wasn't the first edition sold out in one day?

'Against the background of this universal rejoicing the dramatic events which subsequently take place in the library seem particularly horrible. The readers take the book and the next day return it with expressionless faces and never ask for it again. If you look through the library you will find countless shelves of books like that, books without any value, books which had been praised to the skies, which are being constantly reissued in new editions and practically never read.

'What is responsible for this situation? To call a bad book good is a most dangerous thing. If a good novel is praised according to its deserts it does not mean that in a half a year's time we shall have ten other novels equally as good; but one has only to praise some weak, immature book and from all sides will come dozens of trashy, worthless novels and stories.

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'A literary work is a tremendously complex and subtle thing. It cannot be polished with an axe. And, since art can only flourish in normal temperature, hysterical praise, immediately followed by equally hysterical censure, is bad for the writer.

'Somehow a school atmosphere has been created in the literary world. The writers are constantly being given grades. The conferences of the Writers' Union are very much like examinations. The leaders of the Union call out the names of the successful and the unsuccessful and comment on their "semester's" work. The industrious children are rewarded and joyously run home with their report cards. The idlers are severely reprimanded. These bad boys cry and in piping voices promise that they will never do it again. One author actually wrote something like this in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta:* "Together with Boris Pilniak, I wrote a novel entitled *Meat.* Comrades, I shall never do such a thing again." One is ashamed that such a letter could be written under any circumstances.

'You will probably find that the publisher who has published this literary "schnitzel" will also come out and confess his sins. This will be very touching but it would have been much more laudable if he had seen that the book was bad while it was still in manuscript form. But what can you do? These people always hope that somebody else will decide things for them. Neither the Writers' Union nor the publishing houses like to assume responsibility. Just try to leave the publisher or the critic alone for two hours with a book which nobody had as yet either praised or rejected. Why, he will come out of the room with gray hair; he will not know what to say about the book! It is from this inability to judge a book that our literature is suffering.

'Nor is it any help that publishers, editors and writers of the Union confess their mistakes willingly and even with a sort of masochistic joy. Repentance is a good thing but it is only the sinner himself who is relieved by his confession. Nobody else gives a hoot about it.

'We need men who have depth and a wealth of ideas, who are cultured and who love literature. These men can be found both inside and outside of the Party. Our job is to find them and to put them where they will be useful.'

Another embarrassing tendency has meanwhile sprung up in the business of debunking the privileged literati. At first the authors were left entirely to their devices and nobody bothered to look into the way the publishing business was going on. Now the investigation extends to authors' private lives. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* published a sensational article disclosing that writer Shubov, besides misusing the Literary Fund and falling back in his writing, was also beating his pregnant wife. And *Pravda* appeared with information that the ex-head of the Union, Kirshon, now held as Troskiite, would not support his wife. *Literaturnaya Gazeta* asked gloomily: 'Is a novelist who makes a practice of kicking his wife capable of producing a truly moving literary masterpiece?' The question was manifestly rhetorical.

And so the privileged Fourth Estate of Russia has been taken down a peg and the appropriation for the Literary Fund has been reduced. The once pampered writers are now standing among the common people, shamefaced and apprehensive.

—L. C.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Imperialism with a Difference

40,000 Against the Arctic. *By H. P. Smolka. London: Hutchinson. 1937.*

(Peter Fleming in the *Spectator*, London)

MR. SMOLKA has now expanded into book-form the material on which were based his articles published in the *Times* last autumn; and a very good job he has made of it. He is the first non-Communist observer to be granted permission to visit the vast area controlled, on behalf of the Soviet Government, by Glavsevmorput, a characteristically cacophonic condensation which stands for the Central Administration of the Northern Sea Route.

Its head is Dr. Schmidt, the hero of the Chelyuskin episode. Its territorial responsibilities comprise one-quarter of the land surface of the Soviet Union; the Russian Arctic is one-and-a-half times the size of the Indian Empire. The density (if that is the right word) of population is one man to every six square kilometers. But the Soviet Government is not thinking in terms of immigration; the aim is economic, industrial and strategic exploitation of Russia's only independent coastline.

Along that coastline (there are 6,000 miles of it) radio stations, airfields, meteorological research institutes and ice-breakers are at work. The North-East passage has already been opened for three months in the year. A 'Russian lake,' into which flow some of the longest rivers of the world, is being constructed to link the North Sea with the Pacific along the top of Asia.

Mr. Smolka writes rather clumsily in a language which is not his own; but that detracts only negligibly from the merits of a book packed with curious and suggestive information. From Leningrad he followed the Trans-Siberian Railway to Krasnoyarsk, and thence flew—jerkily at times—up to the Far North, finally taking ship from Dickson Island to Murmansk *en route* for home. His method is not in the least impressionistic. He gives us, with the minimum of comment, all the facts he could get hold of; and he has the really good journalist's gift for selecting from and arranging a mass of information so that it holds our interest. He is, moreover, eminently sensible in his attitude to the Russians. He appreciates and accepts the fundamental differences between their way of life and anyone else's, and he describes them objectively, without constant cross-reference to his own standards of this or that. He implies rather than makes criticisms; and, though one is tempted to wonder whether he has not at times been over-discreet, the picture that emerges is undoubtedly a very fair one.

THE Arctic is full of surprises. The winter temperature, according to Dr. Schmidt, rarely drops lower than 40 below, which is no worse than they get in industrial centers in the Urals and the Ukraine. In Igarka, which with a permanent population of 12,000 is the largest of the Polar towns, the life of the inhabitants (Dr. Schmidt told Mr. Smolka) 'does not differ very much from that of other Russians;' and this tribute to the régime's powers of standardization Mr. Smolka, when he got to Igarka, was able to endorse. The mud, it is true, was deeper; but there were the same slogans on banners, the same braying and ubiquitous loudspeakers, the same hopeless telephone exchange, the same haggard and dynamic female officials, the same habit of talking in terms of the future, the same grievances and the same boasts, the same unkempt priggishness that you find all over one-sixth of the earth's surface. Pioneering has been put

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in its place. Banish whatever sentimental admiration you may have felt for Yermak and his Cossacks, for the haphazard and deplorably individualistic old-timers of the Yukon and the Rand. Admire instead (and there is no reason why you should not) the braw young idealists, half-baked but heroic, who are picketing desolation with small, important zaribas of red tape.

That desolation was of course inhabited, however sporadically, long before the Bolsheviks, long before the Tsars. Twenty-six petty races are dotted about the tundra. Samoyeds, Ostyaks, Goldis, Yuraks—but one might as well transcribe their telephone numbers as their names, so remote are they from the ken of any save a few ethnologists. These benighted minorities have been lucky. The impact of Soviet administration on the scarcely less primitive nomads of Central Asia was clumsy and cruel; the botched and premature policy of collectivization was unprofitably imposed only by dint of shootings, deportations, and State-controlled famine.

The Arctic tribes came into the picture too late to suffer the consequences of Moscow's earlier and costlier mistakes. Their indispensability was quickly appreciated. Mr. Smolka says that there are 150,000 of them. 'They are the natural human element that can develop the resources of this new continent . . . the only race that can stand the climate permanently.'

Even the culture-mongers are going slow with them. Those, it is true, who have hitherto lacked alphabets are being provided with them now; but 'the method of education now adopted is gradual.' As far as tribal life goes, the dictates of climatic conditions have not been overridden by sweeping and locally inapplicable ukases from the Kremlin, as they used to be in Central Asia. The old and necessary traditions of nomadism are not only condoned but accepted by the authorities: 'There is no intention to make them settle on a permanent basis.' The aim, rather, is to teach these half-Mongol, half-Red-Indian tribes to look on the depot where education and equipment are supplied as the center of their shifting life.

Forty thousand sounds a lot; but almost every one of Mr. Smolka's encounters reflects a 'We few, we happy few' atmosphere. Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that in a kind of specialist's preserve, whither only the best pilots and meteorologists and doctors are seconded for service and where a romantic sense of emergency is never very far round the corner, the standards of efficiency, initiative and responsibility are higher than they are on humdrum, unregarded sectors of the proletarian front. It is true that at Igarka and elsewhere Mr. Smolka found large gangs of exiles undergoing that variant of slavery which the Russians call regeneration; but they seemed to be treated well enough, and the other classes of the population, drawing exceptionally high wages and liberally injected with the crusading spirit, impressed their visitor favorably.

This is an altogether fascinating account of two brave new worlds. One is the natives', who 'are getting to know modern technical instruments in a curiously inverted order.' They are familiar with the airplane before being acquainted with a wheel; they knew radio before they conceived the possibility of writing. The other is the young Russians', who have learned to grow asparagus in the Arctic and to make a horse eat fish. Is the future, economic and strategic, of these identical worlds overrated by their visionary masters? Mr. Smolka sees the possibility of ice conditions worsening on the sea route, of difficulties in connection with refining oil locally. But he sounds, on the whole, optimistic; and it may be that those 'Barren and Desert Regions incapable of Commercial Development' (to quote the more conservative of his two maps) may one day powerfully affect the history of the world.

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[40,000 Against the Arctic *will be published in the United States by William Morrow and Company.*]

A Stricken Generation

Die Brüder Wagemann. *By Gerhart Pohl. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1936.*

(Ernst Gläser in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zurich)

THE time from 1918 to 1933 in Germany is generally designated as the 'post-War' period. For various reasons it has found but few authoritative interpreters. Yet for the writer who is concerned with Germany's destiny, it contains a variety of material and a degree of tension that has not been experienced since the *Sturm und Drang* period. It is one of those historical epochs that are so amorphous and spiritually self-consuming that their re-creation presents an almost impossible problem for the writer who has lived in their midst.

Out of this period emerges a novel by the young German writer, Gerhart Pohl. *The Brothers Wagemann* is not political. The nature of the epoch which the novelist attempts to clarify cannot be conceived politically. He is concerned not with judgments as to whether certain measures were right or wrong, but with given conditions and human reactions toward them. Epic writing does not argue nor discuss the if and when. It describes and knits together tragedy whenever and wherever it descends upon an individual or a people.

The epic of shattered traditions, of violent ejection from the bourgeois orbit, from the humanitarian sphere—this had here to be re-created. It is of surpassing significance that a young writer living within the present Reich struggles successfully with this task. Pohl, to be sure, draws his picture from an individual angle, because his novel is really a family history. Although he writes 'non-politically,' everything he says relates to the historical background. It is a brilliant portrayal of the nomadic intellectual existence of German youth whom the war failed to mature.

Jan Smuts

Gray Steel: A Study in Arrogance. *By H. C. Armstrong. London: Barker. 1937.*

(L. M. S. Amery in the *Sunday Times*, London)

SOME years ago Captain Armstrong struck a vein which pleased him and pleased the public. With 'Gray Wolf,' otherwise Mustafa Kemal, otherwise Atatürk, he began to specialize in biographies of men who are still alive. And he has been concerned to make them very much alive in their biographies. He has not yielded to the fashionable cult of 'debunking' his heroes. To bring out the essential littlenesses of great men may be amusing and interesting when dealing with the illustrious dead. But we all know that our contemporaries have feet of clay like ourselves, and to have their boots and socks publicly taken off them does not excite us. Captain Armstrong has preferred a technique of what might be called degalahadizing. He likes to bring out the essential qualities of his heroes in sharp relief against their less attractive features. Whatever else they may be, he will not have them goody-goody. It is a technique which relies on emphasis, on exaggeration, on caricature even; an Epstein technique, if one may draw a parallel from sculpture. But it does succeed in creating pictures which, distorted or not, are vivid and live in the memory afterwards.

The technique has been one eminently suitable to the Oriental background which he has selected hitherto, and to the fierce primitive characters with which he has filled the centre of his stage. How does it fit the many-sided, complex, subtle lawyer-statesmen-soldier-philosopher-botanist, the designer of South African Union, the framer of the Covenant of the League, the author of *Holism and Evolution?* The answer is, surprisingly well. Captain

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Armstrong has realized the need for toning down his methods to the handling of a more difficult and closer-grained material. He has taken plenty of trouble over his facts, even if a historian might pick out not a few minor inaccuracies. The element of exaggeration, of caricature, is obvious in individual passages. But the general effect is not only vivid, but, broadly speaking, lifelike. It is not the whole of General Smuts. Who can tell what last, possibly greatest chapter, in the life of one who, at sixty-six, is not yet aging, may yet give new meaning and color to the whole? But it is a recognizable Smuts, a coherent Smuts, and for all the author's emphasis, over-emphasis indeed, of less attractive features, a Smuts that appeals to both intellect and sympathy as a real and compelling personality.

True to his own tradition, Captain Armstrong has not only fastened on his hero a label, *Gray Steel*, but has given the volume a sub-title, *A Study in Arrogance*. One might conjecture that this very inadequate, though no doubt challenging, summary was selected by him long before he had completed his study. For in the course of writing the work has turned out something much finer as well as more dramatic. It is, in fact, a study in reconciliation. We follow the story, on the one hand, of the reconciliation, after violent oscillation, between the twin strands of Smuts's own character, his broad, world-embracing, constructive vision, and his passionate Afrikander nationalism. On the other we trace the dramatic course of the personal associations, conflicts, and reconciliations which have accompanied that broader struggle and synthesis.

Captain Armstrong has given us an intensely dramatic story, and in its main outlines a true one. There is much, no doubt, that is lacking in it that ought to find its place in a real biography fully modeled in the round. For one thing, with a man of Smuts's intellectual and literary type of mind, so large a part of his real self lies in his writings and prepared speeches, so large a part of his influence has lain in the ideas and ideals to which he has given expression, that no life of him could be adequate that did not deal far more fully with these matters than Captain Armstrong has done.

He gives less than two pages, for instance, out of nearly 400, to *Holism and Evolution*, and, entirely misconceiving, sums it up as 'the philosophy of Supreme Human Arrogance.' There again it would be far nearer the mark to describe it as a 'Philosophy of Reconciliation,' the conception of the restless, unstable elements of life-force forever finding their completion and a new stability in some larger and more complex whole. In that sense, indeed, General Smuts's life's work has been an achievement in political Holism, and for that reason it will endure. A great biography that will do full justice to Smuts's essential greatness still remains to be written. Meanwhile Captain Armstrong has written a remarkably readable book about a remarkable man.

An Angry Diarist

THE ROAD TO OXIANA. *By Robert Byron. London: Macmillan. 1937.*

(Christopher Sykes in the *Observer*, London)

MR. BYRON burst on Persia in September of 1933, myself affecting the introduction. Within five minutes of arrival the national hat, invented by the Shah, threw him into an ungovernable rage. 'Hush,' my words are recorded. 'You mustn't mention the Shah out loud.' So henceforth that ruler was referred to as Marjoribanks, and as Marjoribanks he figures as the villain of his book.

Even as I introduced them I feared that Persia and Mr. Byron would never fall in love with each other. My fears were just, and for six months the diarist was periodically alight with anger at what he saw and heard of his dreadful new friend, and a half of this book is occupied with an account of his temptuous acquaintance with her. The other half is concerned

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with a happier period in Afghanistan as we trundled through that magic country to a withheld glimpse (alas) of the River Oxus, and thence to Kabul over the Hindu Kush.

Mr. Byron has specialized in architectural criticism, and experience, indirectly in Greece, and directly in India, excited his interest in Islamic art whose roots, he rightly judged, must be discoverable in Persia. Interest in Islamic art excited an even stronger curiosity in that strange culture informing it, which emanated from Central Asia first as the forerunner of, and then as the compensation for the Mongol catastrophe. To collect material for a contribution to Professor Upham Pope's forthcoming *Survey of Persian Art* was the main object of Mr. Byron's journey. Architecture, and especially that architecture which esoterically came into being in Oxiana, is the main theme of this book. But for all that, it is not only addressed to the specialist. Anyone might read it with enjoyment, if for no other reason than that it is one of the funniest books in years.

This book is the diary which Mr. Byron kept for little less than a year, and as an impressionist sketch of the Middle East it is of a very high order. The effect is cumulative: every observation and anecdote (and the book is stuffed with good stories) was set down on the spur of the moment, and it is rather in the changing character of the impressions than on any single page that the truth must be found. As may be imagined, most of this book was written in discomfort and a state of boiling fury.

There is much to be said for writing in these circumstances; they are the realities of the traveler's experience; they keep all his senses alert; and they inoculate the writer against the commonest disease to be found in more reflective works on exotic material: bogus sympathy, sentimental head-patting, the heart on the sleeve. Mr. Byron certainly avoids these faults, but at some expense.

For personal exasperations—and they are enormous in the East—can also gravely distort perspective. In the West the equality of man is a vision; in the East it is an ancient and beautiful reality. It is infinitely to be regretted that Mr. Byron never finds it in him to pay a tribute to the greatest achievement of Mohammed, but is only stirred by it to complain of the servant problem in Afghanistan. Sometimes Mr. Byron's choleric temperament makes him strike indiscriminately, and the reader may well be puzzled why the British Foreign Office, that noble building the Ala Gapu of Isfahan, or some harmless Russian mechanics should in the course of this book be bespattered with insult.

A book written in a rage, presumably, cannot help evoking that emotion, from time to time, in a reader. Yet in spite of some serious challenges which the book is bound to incur from calmer people, the value of the rage is irresistibly recognizable; not only because it refreshingly makes Mr. Byron set down the real truth about 'Marjoribanks,' but for what it gives the book in fine shades. Detached admirations become more impressive by contrast, and Mr. Byron's heroine, Gohar Shad, who was Tamerlane's daughter-in-law, rises from the waves like the splendid old Venus she was.

As a minor figure in the book, and as Mr. Byron's chaperone when he was first introduced to Persia, I may be allowed to submit a personal complaint. Mr. Byron has deliberately stolen an owl belonging to me on page 260.

Humanism Humanized

Humanisme Integral. *By Jacques Maritain. Paris: Editions Montaigne. 1937.*

(Stanislas Fumet in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

THE fate of all great spirits—or at least of those somewhat above average—is to submit to the criticism of men who, failing to understand them, only succeed in distorting them. What has not been

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said these last few years about the political attitude of Jacques Maritain? The most improbable fancies have been connected with his name. People wondered: where is Maritain going? Where is he taking us? We need not speak of all the calumnies and treacherous attacks whose purpose was to trap him in an error. Only with the publication of a work as detailed as *Integral Humanism*, in which the philosopher dots all his *i's* and crosses all *t's* in his discussion of Christianity, did all his malicious detractors fall back into a cautious silence. There are books which it is impossible to attack because their dialectical defenses awe even the cleverest of opponents.

The fact is that so far no critic has come upon the scene who would consent to lift up the glove thrown down by Jacques Maritain on the philosophical ground and engage this leader of modern thought in single combat.

It is possible that the very silence of modern theologians about Maritain's work has added considerably to the prestige which the Tomistic philosophy enjoys today in Europe, America and Japan. His works are ever more widely read; people try to understand his reasoning. But there is little discussion about him. The religious reviews tend to list rather than review his works. Of course, Maritain's last book is praised in all publications that favor him, but that does not mean discussing his ideas. Yet I am certain that such a discussion would be most profitable in the case of *Integral Humanism*.

In his philosophy of history, sketched in large strokes in the first part of his work, he borrows from the views of certain foreign philosophers like Berdiaeff. He calls attention to the fact that the Middle Ages, in their contemplative life, neglected psychological values. The great contribution of the Renaissance, the birth of humanism, marks the beginning of a consciousness of one's self which enriches the infant soul of man, but, at the same time, runs the risk of sidetracking his ultimate spiritual development.

Following Berdiaeff, Maritain considers the record of the humanist heresy, which led to the tragedy of man and the entire human species, as man up-rooted first eliminated God from his spiritual and moral life and wound up by associating Him with Marx as an enemy and a usurper. He sees Christians, who survived the worst catastrophes, turning back to the Middle Ages, infusing into the Medieval philosophy that respect for man which we have acquired and which we will always have. Then he introduces the newer form of humanism, no longer separatist and heretic as the first form was, but universal and worthy of its name of 'integral humanism.'

The purpose of Maritain's *Integral Humanism* is to show us that history does not necessarily march toward the visible, temporal triumph of Christianity, 'since good and evil are indivisibly mingled in history' but rather toward an invisible and super-historic triumph of the imperishable elements of Christianity. While he is convinced that this is the only solution of the world's problems, he does not forget that man will always remain free to refuse it.

Maritain has a warning for the Catholic whose belief in ecclesiastical sovereignty has been confirmed by two Encyclicals of Pius XI on Communism and racism. His greatest virtue is that he refuses to give way before intimidating forces or to be dazzled by doctrine. For him, Christianity cannot capitulate without lying and incurring ridicule. After all, he declares, it is only opposed by tendencies which have been borrowed from it. It is merely a question of bringing the disaffected and scattered energies back into Christianity. Thus Maritain invokes humanism. If humanism now suffers from mutilation, Christian philosophy alone has the power to restore its essential integrity.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

NEUTRALITY FOR THE UNITED STATES. *By Edwin Borchard and William Potter Lage. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1937. 380 pages. $3.50.*

CURRENT circumstances give unique significance to the study of American neutrality by Professor Borchard and Mr. Lage. It deals with what may be deemed the most momentous issue recently confronting the people of the United States—the conflict between the Roosevelt-Wilson policy of collective intervention to enforce world peace and the historic American doctrine of impartial neutrality toward European disputes, the observance of which up to the Wilsonian era had enabled the United States to develop in relative peace and independence for more than a century. The repudiation of this principle by the Wilson administration and the various entanglements in European affairs which followed have occasioned a confusion of purposes in the counsels of the nation. Not only has the international position of the United States become enfeebled during the past two decades but this confusion is now reflected in current legislative proposals, well-enough-intentioned yet in certain respects dangerous to the maintenance of American interests and even to the preservation of world peace. On this account, the authors argue that the principle of 'collective sanctions' to prevent breaches of international order is really a delusion which has not only miserably failed to promote peace but instead stimulates discrimination and excessive nationalism.

Certain major points in the argument deserve special emphasis. The first is that the United States was drawn into the European conflict in 1917 not because the traditional policy of neutrality proved a broken reed, but because the Wilson administration egregiously failed to maintain that policy. It will be recalled that the Netherlands, the Scandinavian powers and Switzerland, although situated next-door to the hostilities, avoided the holocaust of war by a more scrupulous neutrality. But the Government of the United States, as the authors cogently demonstrate, sent platonic paper protests against the persistent infractions of its neutral rights by the Allied Powers, while vigorously insisting that armed belligerent merchantmen should be immune from submarine attack by their enemies. Thus the very Government which, in the name of humanity, deemed the relatively few civilian casualties of submarine warfare upon enemy merchantmen a just *casus belli*, in so doing connived at the systematic starvation of millions of non-combatants in Central Europe through an economic blockade even less legitimate. It would be difficult to dispute the conclusion that this essentially unneutral position was calculated to involve the United States in the hostilities. Not unnaturally, the attitude influenced post-War policy; reparation was punctiliously exacted from former enemies for losses wrongfully suffered by American subjects even during hostilities, but the claims against erstwhile allies of the United States on account of infractions of our neutral rights were in effect waived.

A second highly significant point emerges from the authors' incisive analysis of the accumulated evidence as to the diplomacy of the United States from 1914 to 1917. After noting that, without much useful aid from Secretary Lansing, 'who seems to have fumbled nearly every legal issue,' and under the pressure of an adroit propaganda, President Wilson 'soon found himself entangled in an emotional drift toward intervention in the war,' they conclude: 'There is no doubt that the administration desired to see the Allies win and declined to take any action even in defense of American neutral rights which would seriously interfere with that objective.' If this be true—and the record is not to be denied—the unneutral attitude of the administration during the crisis would appear to have been fixed, not primarily by the money-changers and the munition-makers, as Senator Nye has sought to demonstrate (though they too may have contributed to the result), but by an unrealistic idealism covering certain unneutral prejudices that precluded an objective understanding and effective maintenance of American interests by the Executive.

Their argument concludes with an instructive account of the post-bellum flirtations of the State Department with the notion of international coöperation to enforce peace and a pertinent description of current efforts in Con-

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gress to assure the future neutrality of the United States in European crises by embargo legislation. There are grave possibilities in the situation. Thus, the most recent turn taken by this legislative effort is apparently calculated to defeat its very object to avoid entanglement in European disputes. The authors observe: 'The United States, which may justly be proud of its contributions to international law and neutrality down to 1913, has lost its eminence as a leader in the law and now turns in confusion either to coercive measures to "enforce peace" or to a timorous retreat from legitimate relations with belligerents. This renunciation is less likely to assure our peace than an intelligent administration of well-established rights under international law. For not only does the withdrawal from the defense of neutral rights encourage belligerent excesses, but the very fact that the Pittman-Nye policy of 1937 makes the resources of the United States by our own legislation available only to the belligerent that controls the sea will probably provoke measures of retaliation which will in turn expose us to hostilities.'

Another point of peril is the proposal to vest in the Executive discriminatory discretion in the enforcement of the neutrality laws, as has been desired in certain official quarters. Obviously, no such discretion could be exercised even in the best faith without laying the Government open to a charge of unneutrality.

The fact is that such suggestions are as inimical to the traditional policy of the United States as they are hostile to the very conception of neutrality. It seems pertinent to suggest that the Executive Department of the United States is not appointed to police the world in covert collaboration with the League of Nations or some group of 'friendly' powers, but to protect the interests of American citizens. That also happens to be the way of peace and neutrality.

—Hessel E. Yntema

Léon Blum: Poet to Premier. *By Richard L. Stokes. New York: Coward-McCann. 1937. 276 pages. $3.00.*

THE biography of Europe's greatest democratic leader of today is distressingly dull. Only part of the blame goes to the author. For it is unlikely that the greatest biographer could have made much of the bourgeois virtues of France's first Socialist Premier.

At a poll recently made by the students in journalism of New York University to determine which among the great names of today make the best news, Mussolini and Hitler ranked second and third with 118 and 117 votes respectively to only 119 for President Roosevelt. While even Mrs. Simpson and Stalin got excellent ranking, Léon Blum came at the end of the list with 15 votes, polling only one more vote than Shirley Temple.

It is democracy's greatest tragedy to lack the glamour which somehow seems always associated with a dictatorship. Napoleon remains the most written-about figure of history, although he did more harm to France and the rest of Europe than any other individual. The sufferings of Italian workers and peasants under Fascist rule do not make as good front page stories as does the Duce's spectacular oratory from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia. Nazism's consummate skill in theatrical settings makes one forget too readily the suppressed liberties and under-nourishment of the German masses. Even Britain's democracy feels the need of medieval pageantry and Disraeli, Blum's correligionary, gave his sovereign an imperial crown.

France remains today the last of the great European Powers which has not succumbed to the mirage of dictatorial rule. Yet in the past four years forces have been at work within her own borders which have shaken to its roots the aging parliamentary edifice. The Popular Front, which Léon Blum led to its electoral triumph in May, 1936, and in whose behalf he is now governing France, finds its only cement in the negative force of anti-Fascism. Léon Blum's cabinet is in the peculiar position of trying to save the old parliamentary-capitalistic structure rather than letting it be seized by the Fascists. As an able commentator puts it: 'The Popular Front Government is no government, but a sit-down strike.' This anomalous position of Léon Blum's, which explains all that is inconsistent between his acts and his long proclaimed Socialist ideology, does not seem to have been fully grasped by Mr. Stokes. Hence his analysis of Léon Blum's first eight months in office, however sympathetic, fails to bring out all the drama of this back to the wall fight to save what can be saved of democracy.

As for the first two-thirds of the book, filled with endless details about Léon Blum's early career, they cannot fail to be insipid to the av-

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erage American reader who is ill-versed in the '*querelles d'idées*' that have raged on the left bank of the Seine for half a century. All the more so since the author's background seems insufficient, as evidenced by many errors such as his statement that the collapsible silk hat for evening wear is 'known even today, in popular parlance, as a Blum,' after Léon Blum's father, who supposedly introduced it in France: according to the best authority on colloquial French, the collapsible silk hat is sometimes called a '*Bloum*' because of the noise it makes when opened up.

—Robert Valeur

Invasion. *By Maxence van der Meersch. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. 707 pages. $3.00.*

Midnight on the Desert. *By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1937. 310 pages. $3.00.*

WHEN those of us who enjoy novels had become convinced that our writers have exploited every possible aspect of the Great War, Maxence van der Meersch turns up with a new, unhackneyed approach. It deals with life in the occupied districts of northern France. As a boy during the War the author lived just outside Lille, and he has given his novel the authenticity that only the closest personal observation can secure. Seen from this point of vantage, the war ceases to be a simple story of national rivalries; instead it introduces new variants into the familiar peace-time story of personal animosities and associations. The German occupation upsets established relationships, but those novel and temporary ones it brings into being have the same variety and personal character as the old. Anything like mass movement or mob hysteria disappears to return only with the restoration of French national control after the invasion is ended.

Under these circumstances the War was demoralizing, but in a new way. Old *mores* disappeared under the influence of new personal contacts and the intensified struggle for bread and shelter. His material does not permit van der Meersch to give us any stories of German atrocities; the Germans were too busy elsewhere, and what atrocities we get are altogether French. Nor do we read of touching accounts of comradeship. In the occupied country scarcely a deed merits unalloyed approval though many arouse our unalloyed pity. The French family that has been forced to quarter German soldiers comes to like them; liking perhaps passes into love for one of them on the part of the wife whose husband is at the front. Yet love remains clandestine and arouses disillusionment and revenge. The soldier proves faithless or is transferred; or the love is discovered and awakens the jealous revenge of the virtuous.

In the field of business and public life the sordidness is of a deeper hue. Owners of factories sell goods to the Germans under cover of contracts in Holland; their trade is driven underground only when less fortunate manufacturers combine against them, their jealousy concealed as patriotism. The local French officials take advantage of the distribution of relief to replenish their own cellars and strengthen their political contacts. So human nature transcends national lines, and it is only after the German retreat that nationalism resumes its authority.

But it can hardly be said to return as a beneficent diety. It furnishes the mechanism by which old grudges can be repaid and those who have profited by the occupation can distract attention from their crimes. Now the poor women whose German lovers have deserted them can be mobbed by their own compatriots and rascally politicians can start imprisoning those who know the facts and pave the way for their own *croix de guerre*.

The novel presents the whole unsavory picture, which is relieved solely by the generosity that may be involved in sex relationships and the sheer humanitarianism that is driven to the surface by common poverty or disgrace. The worst of war, according to van der Meersch's account, is not the loss of life or of money, but the freedom from restraint it affords under these circumstances to our ideal of competition. Uncontrolled by Church or State, since war is enshrined as the dominating motive of human activity, competition sinks to the moral level of a struggle for survival in some bestiary of wolves and foxes. But the length of the novel and the superabundance of its detail distract attention from these generalizations and dilute the dramatic intensity they deserve into a garrulous narrative of scattered happenings from day to day. The reader who demands intimacy of characterization and a clear, swift progression of events will feel that van der Meersch has not made

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the most of his opportunity. He must conclude that to win the Prix Goncourt in France has become equivalent to being chosen by some book club in the United States.

OUR English visitors have the habit of writing books about America, but seldom has one of them published observations more amiable and honest than Mr. Priestley's. Perhaps he is too flattering. For he has a way of expressing an unpleasant observation so that it does not sting or fester, hardly attracts the attention at all. Mr. Priestley has noted the disagreeable clutter of shacks, abandoned factories and garbage dumps that infest our railroad lines. He says very precisely that the Indian villages of the southwest with their picturesque ceremonial dances are only the artificial stage shows of a dying culture. He observes the social isolation of Jews at the Arizona hotel resorts. But all these adverse comments are incidental to a complete acceptance of the American way of life. He likes our American indifference to unimportant conventionalities because he is a genial, well-intentioned person himself with no trace of foreign snobbery, and quite as though he were one of us, he finds it difficult to believe that racketeers are eating away at our vital organs or that Hollywood morals are as bad as reported in the press.

What fixes Mr. Priestley's attention is what he conceives to be the central facts. England has failed in her task of leading the world to a better society. The Soviet Union is thought by some to have taken over the job. But, though Priestley has read John Strachey carefully and feels no hostility toward the Soviet Union, he wonders if the great admiration expressed there for the United States does not really mean that we hold the secret. The average American, Mr. Priestley has discovered, is a fine fellow. Somehow or other our democratic tradition and government have made him a prototype of what man ought to be without resort to the bloodshed and iron discipline that Russia has found necessary. Like liberals generally, Mr. Priestley believes the best way to secure the type is through the free play of individual idiosyncrasy, a common basis in social outlook and a fairly even distribution of income. The proper sort of collectivism, he feels, can be obtained by an untrammeled natural process of development, such as is taking place in the United States. There are dangers, he admits, that we may lose sight of our national destiny as England has done, but he believes that chances are rather better for than against our success.

But Mr. Priestley, distracted perhaps by the Arizona sky at midnight or the speed of the railroad train that took him there, does not bother to look very closely at the ground. Like so many of his compatriots at the present time, he turns instead to the aid of a semi-mystical philosophy. He has been reading Ouspensky and has been intrigued by his baffling fifth dimension, according to which the future is as fixed and intelligible as the past, if only one can pass beyond the ordinary three dimensions and the now accepted fourth of time, and grasp the elusive, indefinable fifth. It is a philosophy that permits a smug indifference to the less roseate aspects of the present. But it permits Mr. Priestley to give us the satisfaction of seeing ourselves at the angle at which we like to be photographed.

— Edwin Berry Burgum

Constitutional Government and Politics, Nature and Development. *By Carl Joachim Friedrich. New York: Harper Brothers. 1937. 591 pages. $3.50.*

THIS is primarily a text-book on the theory and practice of government in the Western world. The author's frank admission that in an article written before Hitler's accession to power he 'predicted' a continuance of democratic government in Germany suggests considerable caution in accepting his claim to be writing 'for those who are puzzled about the future of constitutional democracy and government.' It is also to be doubted whether his very detailed and circumstantial examination of modern dictatorships, Communist as well as Fascist, justify one of his main conclusions: 'In theory and in practice modern democracy has been haunted by the specter of direct popular action as an alternative to all kinds of representative schemes.'

Dr. Friedrich, who is on the faculty of Harvard University, employs the traditional descriptive method. He begins by sketching in the historical background of political theory, following this by an analysis of the various economic, legal and social factors of bureaucracy. The 'objectives and techniques' of government are seen to include a bewildering range of diplomatic, military, financial, technical and judicial activities, all converging

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toward the hub of parliamentary procedure. The actual working out of constitutional methods is illustrated by examples taken from European and American history: the extremely complex problem of legislative versus judicial powers is discussed at great length, but in so 'specialized' a manner as to leave behind the reader for whom 'politics' is becoming more and more a decisive weapon in the struggle for more and better democracy.

In the final section, 'the politics of constitutional systems' is analyzed against the lurid background of present-day dictatorships—including the Soviet Union, which is regarded as an enormous laboratory for the 'benevolent yet autocratic' social experimentation of Marxists-Leninists. It is a little difficult, in a world on edge from the roar of guns in Spain, to understand the author's super-subtle distinction between 'constitutional' and 'representative' government, and the direct expression of popular will.

A remarkably comprehensive bibliography, of which Dr. Friedrich sardonically disapproves, adds markedly to the value of a conscientious but in no sense profound book.

—HAROLD WARD

THE FAR EAST IN WORLD POLITICS. *By G. F. Hudson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. 276 pages. $3.00.*

EVEN in normal times there is a periodic need for new interpretation of the Far Eastern situation; in times of crisis such as the present the need is all the more urgent. Too often this has been met by recapitulations of diplomatic events representing more a collection of data than an interpretation of them. Fortunately for those who wish a fresh view in the light of recent research and present world developments, Mr. G. F. Hudson, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has written the book under review. In the brief compass of 271 pages the author has managed to give an extremely useful account of the Far East in its relation to the world today.

He begins with an account of the opening of both China and Japan under the ruthless and selfish pressure of European and later American traders. There follows an unusually enlightening chapter on the different circumstances prevailing in China and Japan which in the former led to chaos and disintegration and in the latter to rapid modernization. Mr. Hudson lays great emphasis on the contrasting social and political organizations of the two countries in explaining their subsequent divergent histories. Some readers may object that he has described characteristics rather than causes, and insofar as he has neglected the economic structure on which these different social and political institutions rested, their view would be correct. Nevertheless, the characteristics of the two countries which the author examines are sufficiently fundamental to throw a revealing light on an important historical question which has great bearing on the present situation.

In a series of chapters leading from the notorious Opium War of 1840 to the even more notorious invasion of China by Japan in 1931 and then to the present time, Mr. Hudson traces the play and counterplay of European politics in the Orient. He is to be commended for never losing sight either of the domestic causes of foreign policies or of the broader view of the European foundations of Far Eastern rivalries. Throughout, however, he tends to put too much emphasis on inter-imperialist rivalries and too little on their disastrous effects on China. This is illustrated by the author's comment on Japan's complete domination of the Far Eastern scene after 1931 at the expense of the European Powers and the United States: 'There is a certain poetic justice in this discomfiture of the nations of the West by a people whom they have forcibly dragged from an innocuous self-seclusion and instructed in all the occult arts of their civilization from the practice of central banking to the handling of 16-inch guns.' The discomfiture, after all, throughout the modern history of the Far East and particularly in the last six years has been felt by China. We should not put too much stress on the sufferings incurred by the Western Powers.

The under-estimate of China as either a result or cause of Far Eastern events is carried into the author's treatment of the present situation in which he seems to give too little weight to the newly emerging united nation that is determined to take care of its own problems at all costs.

The historical background for Japan's present imperialistic and authoritarian government is admirably traced. Mr. Hudson shows how Japan first began formulating her national policies at the end of the 19th century and how these persist to the present day. Speaking of

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the years between 1895 and 1904, Mr. Hudson says, 'The modern Japanese state and economic system acquired their characteristic features during this period. The subordination of all political and economic life to the achievement of war-power—a subordination rendered possible by a general sense of impending crisis and national peril—meant a concentration of military-bureaucratic control and a recession of the liberal-democratic tendencies which had been gaining ground before 1894.' How true this observation holds for the period after 1930!

—FREDERICK V. FIELD

THE PAPACY AND WORLD-AFFAIRS AS REFLECTED IN THE SECULARIZATION OF POLITICS. *By Carl Conrad Eckhardt. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1937. 310 pages. $4.00.*

IN THIS interesting and scholarly volume Dr. Eckhardt, a Protestant professor of history at the University of Colorado, traces the decline of papal influence on domestic and international politics from the thirteenth to the twentieth centuries. The author's chief general contribution lies in his having drawn together in simple language for the first time the story concerning this significant aspect of the Church-State relationship. From the narrower point of view of monographic scholarship, Dr. Eckhardt has exhaustively treated the effect of the Peace of Westphalia (1648) on the complete secularization of politics. More than one-half of the volume, based largely on primary sources, is devoted to this latter phase of the subject. There is, incidentally, an exceedingly useful bibliography of thirty pages.

The book opens with a brief sketch of the power and position of the Catholic Church in the early Middle Ages, followed by a summary of the gradual decline in this power during the late thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries attendant upon a spiritual and moral decline of the papacy itself. The effects of the new politico-religious outlooks that came to the fore during and after the Protestant Revolt are then clearly presented and the steady extension of state control over religious affairs is clearly outlined. 'The papacy,' says the author, 'after its humiliations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had ceased to be a great moral force; it was stressing secular objectives in Italy, in Europe, and was treated by the European rulers as a mere secular power.' But the 'new system of State . . . control of religion . . . was not . . . given the final stamp of approval until the signing and execution of the Peace of Westphalia . . . when Catholic princes coöperated with the Protestant princes to regulate the ecclesiastical affairs of Germany . . . regardless of papal protests and in the face of papal protest.' Three interesting chapters here deal with the controversial literature contemporary with the Peace of Westphalia and centering on the views of Heinrich Wangnereck (1595–1664), 'Champion of the Catholic Extremists.'

The papal protests, largely futile, against half-a-dozen outstanding diplomatic arrangements between 1648 and 1815, the papal protests from 1860 to 1929 against the loss of the Papal States to Italy, and the Lateran Accord of 1929 are summarized in thirty-five pages. In the more recent period, Dr. Eckhardt gives great credit to Pope Leo XIII (1878–1903) who, he says, 'will long be remembered for imbuing the papacy with a change in attitude and motives.' In his concluding paragraph, the author reminds the reader that he has 'adduced evidence that Catholic, as well as non-Catholic, authorities accept the view that the divorce of the papacy from interference in politics was an inevitable and constructive trend, enabling the papacy to give up its temporary political leadership, so that it could . . . with greater advantage and success, stress its original purpose—religious, ethical, and social leadership.' Dr. Eckhardt fears, however, that the current rise of totalitarian rule is imperiling the freedom that is essential for the 'healthy existence of religion' and that probably the stage is being set for a 'new, and perhaps a long, struggle between Church and State.'

To a Protestant reviewer, it seems that this work on the papacy by a Protestant scholar reflects a detachment and fairness rare in the annals of Church-State historiography.

—WALTER CONSUELO LANGSAM

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE eleventh annual session of the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia will be held this year during the fortnight from July 4th through July 17th. The central theme chosen for the addresses and Round Tables—'International Coöperation for World Peace and Collective Security'—could scarcely be more timely, in view of the situation abroad. During the first week the following problems will be discussed: 'The Essential Conditions for International Security,' 'World Peace Through the Church,' and 'Inter-American Relations.' The three subjects of the second week will be: 'International Organization for Collective Security,' 'Storm Centers in the Far East,' and 'Collective Security as a National Problem.' An unusual number of experts on international affairs, including many diplomats, are to speak and participate in the discussions.

GROUPS concerned with Pan-American relations were greatly stimulated by the Buenos Aires Conference of last fall and their intense activity is not abating even during the summer months. Many committees are hard at work on technical problems that are to be dealt with in forthcoming conferences. One of these is the Inter-American Education Conference, which will meet in Mexico City from August 22–29. All aspects of education will be studied by the nine sections into which the Conference will be divided. On November 1st the Inter-American Radio Conference will begin its sessions in Havana.

A NEW Headline Book, in the series published by the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City), is entitled *Church and State*. It was prepared by Ryllis Alexander Goslin in collaboration with an editorial committee composed of William Adams Brown, Samuel McCrea Cavert, Henry Leiper, Henry P. Van Dusen and John Bennett, all of whom are members of the American Advisory Council of the World Conference that will meet at Oxford, England, in July.

The authors of *Church and State* trace the rise of new forms of government in many parts of the world that have upset the older relationships, and describe the situations that have resulted not only in the totalitarian countries but also in those nominally democratic States where increasing centralization has threatened religious authority.

Mrs. Vera Micheles Dean, Editor and Research Associate of the Foreign Policy Association, will attend the International Studies Conference at Paris from June 28th to July 3rd. She is the first American woman to receive such an appointment.

THE League of Nations Association reports that while the staff is engaged during the summer months in planning and preparing new material, it is also cooperating with many of the summer institutes and conferences. According to custom, several members of both the headquarters and field staff have been sent to Geneva for research work. The Director of the Association, Clark M. Eichelberger, is serving as Director of the Campaign on World Economic Coöperation which the National Peace Conference recently launched.

A COMPACT study of the rôle played by the United States in world organization during 1936 has been issued by the Carnegie Endowment (405 West 117th Street, New York City) as a part of its latest booklet on the 'International Conciliation.' This number also contains the text of the Neutrality Act which was adopted by Congress on April 29, 1937.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

have translated a typical *Pravda* article on the subject. 'Beware of Spies!' by S. Uranov has been reprinted for circulation throughout Russia. [p. 404]

OUR short story this month concerns two fourteen-year-old French boys who had hated and fought each other ever since they could remember. Why did they hate each other? Well, the grandfather of one supported Louis Napoleon in 1851, while the grandfather of another had been a staunch Republican. The feud and its climax are skillfully narrated in 'The Enemies,' by André Chamson, who was one of the principals. M. Chamson is editor of *Vendredi*, the Paris Radical weekly. [p. 409]

FRÉDÉRIC JENNY, author of 'Road to Stabilization,' is the chief economic writer of the Paris *Temps*. His statement of the stabilization and gold problems represents the views held by many European economists. [p. 429]

THOSE who condemn the sensationalism of certain American newspapers do not have to read them. Under a dictatorship there is no escape from the 'controlled' press, as there is no other. In the group entitled 'Blue-Penciled News,' we show how the press control works in Germany and Italy. *Giustizia e Libertá*, the Paris anti-Fascist weekly which secured, and from which we translated, 'Secret Orders to Italian Editors,' was published by Carlo and Nello Roselli who were murdered on June 11. [p. 434]

'CONGOLESE VILLAGE,' an account of life and customs in Mumbo-Jumbo land, is by Gabrielle Vassal, who has accompanied her husband on French Government service to Africa, China, Japan, Russia and other countries. She is the author of *Life in the French Congo*. [p. 440]

A 'HODGEPODGE' of three short pieces includes 'Corpus Delicti,' in which an Englishman of scientific bent, after pleading guilty to a lack of practical experience, dryly offers advice about the discreet disposal of embarrassing corpses [p. 445]; 'The Homeless One,' an incident in the English countryside [p. 448]; and 'Indian Schoolmaster,' a minor tragedy which occurs very often in present-day India. [p. 449]

OUR 'Persons' this month are the new British and Japanese Premiers and the Czar of the powerful French Federation of Labor. 'N. Chamberlain, Ltd.,' by Harold J. Laski, is, as its title suggests, a critical study. [p. 417] Léon Jouhaux, Secretary General of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, is one of the most significant figures in a France that is ruled by the Leftist Popular Front. He is sketched by Pierre Humbourg, who adopts the method often used by French reporters—he shadows his subject for fourteen-odd hours. [p. 419]

PREMIER Prince Fumimaro Konoye, who recently undertook the unenviable task of making Japanese Big Business and the Japanese Army pull together, is portrayed by Tatsuo Iwabichi. [p. 425]

THE authors of the reviews in 'Books Abroad' this month include Peter Fleming, the author of *Brazilian Adventure;* Ernst Gläser, who wrote one of the most significant post-War novels, entitled *The Class of 1902;* the Rt. Hon. L. M. S. Amery, former Secretary of State for Colonies and for Dominion Affairs; Christopher Sykes, literary critic of the London *Spectator* and *Observer;* and Stanislas Fumet, French writer and reviewer.

OUR own new reviewers are Professor Hessel E. Yntema of the University of Michigan Law School; Robert Valeur, lecturer at Columbia University and Director of the French Information Service.

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